SEMI-CENTENNIAL

OF THE

FOUNDING OF GRINNELL, Iowa

1854 - - - 1904

Grinnell, Ia.
Semi-centennial of the founding of Grinnell, 1854-1904.

 Bowditch [illegible], Leonard [illegible].
[the] education in England; an address..., 1881.

INTRODUCTORY.

It is now fifty years since this spot was chosen as the site of a town. The motives which prompted that choice, the methods employed in promoting the settlement of the place, and the success of the effort make it fitting that this Semi-Centennial Celebration should be chiefly in honor of those founders. The first settlers, in most localities in Iowa and elsewhere, have been influenced solely in their choice of that locality by salubrity of climate, richness of soil, accessibility of prospective markets, and the probability of having satisfactory neighbors. The founders of Grinnell had a due regard to all these considerations, and resolved also to attract those here who would cordially coöperate with them in developing a moral and an educational center in their new home.

The success of their effort has equaled all reasonable expectations. Probably no one who ever walked long by their side will attend the centennial celebration fifty years hence. It will be more clearly appropriate for those who give character to that hour to emphasize the history of the town and to note how completely it may have retained the high ideals promulgated here by the men whom we honor to-day.

The ancients could revere their founders of cities as demigods, or even as the actual dwellers on Olympus. Prof. James Bryce seems to think that much of that spirit still abides in the human mind,

and especially so when he said that if his university associate, Prof. Edward A. Freeman, "should meet the founders of Grinnell, he would surely offer sacrifice to them. No one could prevent him." It will be enough for us (yet nothing less will be enough) to pay them the sincerest honor by word and by deed, and to continue to incorporate their best thoughts into the character and the history of their town and of ours.

That Grinnell to-day does duly honor their memory is evident from the celebration of June tenth. The cool and cloudless day was most opportune. The crowded morning assembly, the procession stretching away to Hazelwood (the largest that ever marched there), the church luncheon-room filled in every corner as never before, and the large attendance at the afternoon speeches lingering into the supper hour—all attested the profound interest of earlier and of later citizens of Grinnell in the memorial exercises, though their homes are now scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

We publish the invocation and the more formal addresses of the morning, regretting that any of the words of the entire day may too soon become "alms to oblivion."

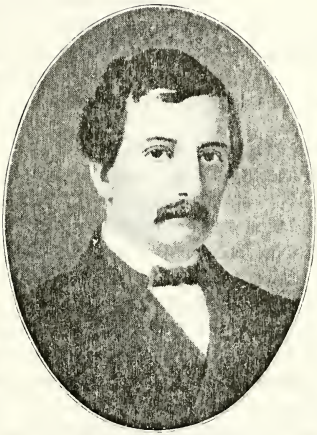
THE COMMITTEE.

June 14, 1904.

Prayer of Rev. E. M. Vittum, at Morning Exercises of Semi-Centennial Day.

O God, thou who art the giver of every good and perfect gift, we revere thee and we love thee and we thank thee for all thy goodness to the children of men. We thank thee for that faith which moved the patriarch Abraham to go out into a strange land, knowing not whither he went; but he went to become the father of a people who should teach the fear of the Lord and the love of Jesus to all the nations of the earth. We thank thee for the faith which enabled our fathers to brave persecution and imprisonment, chains, swords and fagots, for the love of truth, the blessing of liberty and the privilege of pure worship. We thank thee for the stalwart courage which led them across the sea, which brought them to Plymouth Rock, not knowing whither they went. We thank thee that when they sought a home they found a country; and when they struggled for freedom they built a nation. We thank thee for the strength of muscle and brain and spirit which enabled them to build better than they knew. We thank thee for the courage and energy which led brave men and women to build pioneer homes upon this spot. We thank thee for the young men of consecration who left established homes in the east and banded themselves together to preach the gospel in this new land. We thank thee for the faith which sustained them, for the eyes which enabled them to see visions of the future, for the ears which heard the voice of God, saying, "Let there be light." We thank thee for this college, which they founded in sacrifice, in hope and in prayer. We thank thee for the honest pride which enables us to-day to claim that we are citizens of no mean city. We thank thee for our homes, our college, our public schools, our public library, our churches, our city government, and our commercial prosperity. We thank thee for all that is pure and clean and holy and uplifting in our community. And now, O Lord, we pray thee to continue thy blessings. We pray thee for that "humility of soul which

stooping raiseth it." We pray thee for faith, for hope, for purity and righteousness. Wilt thou bless the college. Wilt thou enlarge it in numbers and in influence, in resources and equipment. But above all, wilt thou make it to follow more and more closely the leadership of Jesus Christ. Wilt thou bless this town. Purify our hearts, sanctify our patriotism, and increase our love. Bless us in our business as seemeth good to thee. Give us the opportunity and the desire to experience the great blessing to which the Master referred when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Bless the aged in our midst, preserve them to us for many years and make their last days their best days for themselves and for us. Bless those that have gone from us; make them good men and women, useful in many communities. Bless those that have returned to us for a brief season, may they leave a blessing and may they receive a blessing. May we build upon the noble foundations of the past structures of beauty and holiness. May this town increase in influence for good in many lands. May it be like a city set upon a hill which cannot be hid. May our light so shine among men that they may the more glorify our Father which is in heaven. But in all our life and labor may we seek a better country, that is an heavenly, a city which hath foundation whose builder and maker is God. Bless other communities throughout our land and the world. Bless our nation, strengthen it and purify it. Bless all the poor and weak and lonely. Bless the nations of the earth, and teach them to deal with their fellow nations as the good Samaritan dealt with the wounded man on the road to Jericho. Bless those nations that know not Christ. Bless the heralds of salvation in lands of darkness. Especially do we pray for those of our own number who have left this home to plant churches and schools and hospitals in alien lands. Protect them from danger and give them success in their labors, and may the earth be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.



HON. H. M. HAMILTON

Address of Hon. Henry M. Hamilton Read by President Dan F. Bradley.

Prof. L. F. Parker used these words in introducing the speaker.

"Of the four men interested in choosing this town site, Henry M. Hamilton was the youngest, and twenty three years old when they first met, a youth of rare genius for large enterprises. Ill health forbids his presence today, a sore disappointment to him and to us. In the address he sends us he pictures the central element in his business life. We had hoped he would give that element special emphasis without limiting himself to it.

We regret that all Grinnell can not take his hand, look into his eyes and tell him how highly we appreciate his share in providing for us our prairie home.

His paper will now be read by President Dan. F. Bradley of Iowa College."

Millstone, New Jersey, June 1st, 1904.

To the Managing Committee for the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the Founding of the City of Grinnell, Iowa:

GENTLEMEN: Having, as the only one living of the four founders of the City of Grinnell, had a courteous invitation from your chairman, Prof. L. F. Parker, to deliver an address at such celebration with the suggestion that my address should deal with the subject of railroads, I assume that Prof. Parker meant that I should follow the example of Horace Greely with his book entitled "What I know of farming" and say something of what I know about railroads. This naturally leads me to commence near the beginning. In the year 1853 on account of my health I left Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio, where I was a student, and obtained a position as rodman on that part of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad between Marion, Ohio, and Cincinnati, the same being now the Cincinnati Branch of the Erie Railroad. My work was in a region where typhoid fever then prevailed. Being attacked by it I was confined to my bed two months. While

recuperating I read in the New York *Independent* Mr. Grinnell's proposition to found a colony on government land in Iowa or Minnesota. I immedateily wrote to Mr. Grinnell. Our correspondence resulted in a meeting at the Weddell House, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 23rd of February, 1854, and in a trip to Iowa shortly afterward.

Having decided to locate the colony at the place where the City of Grinnell now stands my slight experience in railroading made me anxious about a deep cut more than a mile long that would be necessary in building the railrad through the town plat of Grinnell on the location that had been determined by the engineers the best that could be found. We began to hear unpleasant reports that this very objectionable deep cut could be avoided by a route further south that would leave our colony six miles away from a railroad. At this juncture I had occasion to examine an eighty acre tract of land lying between Sugar Creek and Rock Creek south of such located railroad line and found a peculiar deep hollow that extended nearly from the valley of Sugar Creek to that of Rock Creek. I saw at once how the dreaded long deep cut could be avoided and have the railroad go through the Grinnell town plat with a saving in distance as compared with the located line through the long deep cut.

During my next visit to Iowa City I called at the office of Mr. Peter A. Dey who had immediate charge of the location of this railroad. I informed him I could avoid that difficult work and still go through the Grinnell town plat. Mr. Dey replied, "It is impossible; what you claim is preposterous." I said, "Nevertheless I can show you." Mr. Dey finally said, "I will go with you to see, as you are so persistent but it will be a wild goose chase." He came to Grinnell where I furnished him a saddled horse and rode another myself. Mr. Grinnell seeing Mr. Dey inquired the meaning of his presence and when told offered to join the party. All three then proceeded to examine my discovery. I led the way

first to a narrow rim of land on the west side of Sugar Creek, then to a similar rim on the east side of Rock Creek and pointing from one rim to the other across the deep hollow I said to Mr. Dey, "There is where you should build your railroad." Mr. Dey replied, "There is where we will build it."

A letter from Mr. Dey dated Dec. 29, 1891, says, "We found the country between Grinnell and the south Skunk River very difficult to get over with a favorable line. The suggestions you made and the depressions in the ridges you pointed out induced us to change the route west of Grinnell." The suggestions I made saved about two miles in distance and at least $100,000 in cost of construction.

The Chicago Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, the legal successor of the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, is now in 1904, operated along the line I pointed out to Mr. Dey and the route I pointed out settled beyond question that the town of Grinnell would secure the railroad.

In January 1859 a meeting was called to assemble at Eddyville, in Wapello county, to organize a railroad company to build a railroad from that town to Cedar Rapids. Seeing the call for a meeting printed in some newspaper I proposed to Mr. Grinnell that we go together to that meeting and try to direct the movement so the line would pass through Grinnell. He considered it absurd to think of diverting a proposed railroad intending to run northeast to Cedar Rapids so that it would run almost an opposite direction and therefore declined to go. I then invited the late Mr. Samuel Cooper to go with me. Mr. Cooper and I rode to Eddyville behind his fine pair of horses. I found the convention largely composed of delegates from Monroe, Wapello and Mahaska counties. I explained to the meeting that a line from Eddyville northward through Oskaloosa and Grinnell would be much cheaper to construct than one to Cedar Rapids and that it would be directly in line of a railroad that would sometime be opened between St. Louis and St. Paul.

The delegates became more interested in the route through Grinnell than in the other and adjourned to a future day for further consideration.

Circumstances prevented my going to the adjourned meeting but the ground I had prepared at the first meeting then had fruition.

At the second meeting the first Iowa Central Railroad Company was organized and thus attention was publicly called to Grinnell as a probable railroad center.

Mr. Grinnell attended the second railroad meeting and was elected president of the new railroad company.

The development of the railroad route from State Center to Grinnell and from Grinnell to Montezuma originated in a conversation between Hon. S. F. Cooper and myself. I told him there was an exceedingly favorable route for a rail road from Grinnell to Burlington, Iowa, which Grinnell people could work up. I told him a line existed there on which a railroad could be built with very little grading and almost without a bridge. He replied, "Hamilton, you are wild; there are hills there three hundred feet high." I insisted that such a line did exist and offered to pay all expenses down and back if he would walk to Burlington through fields and wherever the divide should lead him. He made the investigating trip on foot and found the line just what I had described. I paid the expenses of this exploration as I had agreed to do.

The result was a railroad company was incorporated to build a railroad from Burlington through Grinnell to Webster City. A transit and level survey was made the whole distance. Bonds and stocks were printed. A traffic agreement was executed by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company by which the funds would have been provided for building the railroad at once. Just then came the great Chicago fire which burned up the agreement. Circumstances were so changed by that fire the project in that shape had to drop. The railroad from Grinnell to Montezuma grew out of that movement; also the railroad from Grinnell to State

Center. Soon after this business requiring me to go to the state of New York I took my wife and child with me.

That was about the commencement of the oil excitement in Pennsylvania growing out of the discovery of largely yielding petroleum wells. I was attracted there within three years. I brought away a moderate fortune made by a rise in the value of land I had bought believing it would produce oil in quantity, which it did. I was glad to see my purchaser take from this land more than $1,000,000 clear profit in cash above what he paid me for the land.

About this time there was much indignation in the United States toward the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company of New Jersey because that company had from the New Jersey courts obtained an injunction against the New Jersey Southern Railroad Company and the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company forbidding those companies carrying soldiers to the front across the state of New Jersey, even in an emergency.

At this time while sitting in the office of a prominent banking house in New York City, one of the firm about 30 years old said to me, "I should like to build an opposition railroad between New York and Philadelphia," upon which I made the apparently absurd declaration, "I will build a railroad between New York and Philadelphia."

The following extracts from the History of Hunterdon and Somerset counties, New Jersey, 1881, show what were the results. Under the heading, "New York and Philadelphia New Line" the following appears in that book:

"The history of this road is one of unusul interest: In 1867 Henry M. Hamilton of New York conceived the idea of building a new line of railroad from New York to Philadelphia. He removed to New Jersey for that purpose and entered on the undertaking, which only succeeded after a tremendous struggle between the popular will as it centered in him and the united railroads of New

Jersey, a struggle which will ever be memorable in the annals of the state. When the Legislature of 1873 convened it was found that the Lower House was largely in favor of a competing railroad, and of granting whatever legislation might be necessary to give undoubted right to build a new railroad between the two great cities of the continent. Mr. Hamilton and his friends prepared a Free Railroad Law for New Jersey, which prohibited any company from having a railroad monopoly between New York and Philadelphia. This became a law April 2, 1873. Under its provisions the Delaware and Bound Brook Railroad Company was incorporated.

"All obstacles having been removed the road was rapidly completed and in May, 1876, it was opened for travel, in time for the Centennial Exposition that year. It is equipped and operated by the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company on a lease of nine hundred and ninety years from May 1, 1879, and from a short line between New York and Philadelphia. To Mr. Hamilton is due the credit of this whole undertaking as it was by his enterprise it was projected, by his foresight protected from opposing railroad companies, by his skill and unflinching perseverance it was carried through. To him is due the passage of the Free Railroad Law of New Jersey and the liberation of the state from the curse of special legislation."

Since then I have been engaged in other important and well known railroad enterprises.

Very Respectfully,

HENRY M. HAMILTON.

Address by Dr. D. O. Mears as the Representative of Josiah Bushnell Grinnell.

The influence of first settlers in any community is never lost. Character bears better fruit than acres. It is not the trees of the streets that have made the town famous but its men and women. A community is safer with a Jonathan Edwards than with a Jesse James; the same with their children. Pioneers whose object is gold fashion looser morals than they who prize conscience above gold. Solid worth belongs where heart and soul are concerned with conduct. The whole difference between a mining town and a college town rests upon character. The garden of the sluggard is just as thriftless as its lazy owner. There is always crime where there are criminals; while order and thrift and decency are assured where good morals dominate. A town whose inhabitants believe in the Church is as much nearer respectability as the saloon is away from all virtue, and near to criminality.

Grinnell has reason to celebrate "Old Settlers' Day." In communities, as in personal lives, a good start is half the battle. The town that has ruled out the saloon has consequently never had a pauper. It meant a good deal as to the character of those four men who slept all night in the open air under bare poles crossing each other above their heads;—Grinnell, Hamlin, Hamilton, and Holyoke. In their pre-emption of these six thousand acres they fastened their characters upon the whole region.

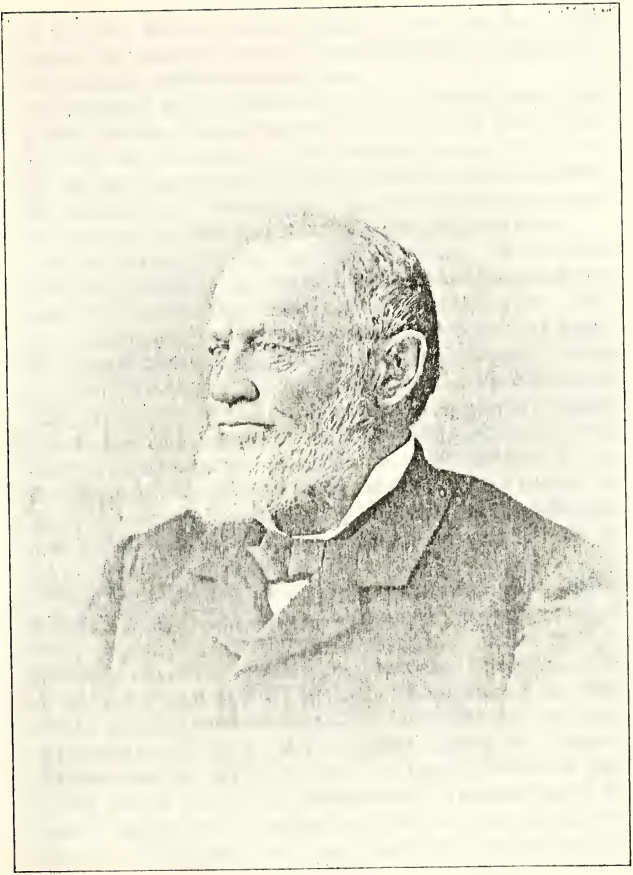
It is my part to speak of the founder of the town, Josiah Bushnell Grinnell. His life can never be considered apart from those who associated with him in the redemption of these virgin acres to education and religion, fifty years ago. He summed up the characteristics needful for such an enterprise, in his call issued in the New York Independent, as follows:

"In companies, with persons of congenial moral and religious sentiments, embracing mechanics, and pecuniary ability to make the school and Church paramount and attractive institutions from

the outset." His associates were those who approved of such principles. They represented the high purpose of the settlement of the new community.

Josiah B. Grinnell was in the thirty-third year of his age when he and his associates ended their long journey here, begun in the far east. In a peculiar degree the young and intrepid leader was eminently fitted for the great work. His enthusiasm could not be lessened by the hardships and difficulties sure to fall upon them. If there was one bright speck of a golden cloud in the whole dark sky, his vision was on that bright harbinger rather than upon all else. He was gifted with a persistency that meant success. His acquaintance was broad, and his knowledge of men profound. He was widely known through his varied work as preacher and editor. Leading men of the East were interested in his movements.

Added to his natural fitness the young Grinnell had been educated in the collegiate curriculum of the times and had graduated from Auburn Theological Seminary. His pastorates in Washington and New York had given him the best post-graduate course among the stirring actors and thinkers of the day. In Boston and Washington he had met the most brilliant minds in their antagonism against slavery. He seems to have known all the great leaders in philanthropic and political circles. Somehow, if some distinguished return of a slave to slavery was in Boston, Grinnell was there. If some great genius in the United States Senate, like Henry Clay, was to be heard, Grinnell was there. He had stood behind the stirring scenes that were convulsing the whole Republic under the garb of human slavery. In his days as pastor of the Congregational Church in Washington, he had been pointed to the North Star as the direction for his personal safety from assault. Back of him were such men as Horace Greeley, the great editor; Beecher, the unmatched preacher: Phillips, the orator whose opinions even in cold type the Republic will keep alive; Henry Wilson, the rising statesman; and others in the galaxy of fame in these later years. Shar-



HON. J. B. GRINNELL

ng with such men the common impulses of the higher law, it is no vonder that thousands in other communities were interested in what the early settlers were doing here.

It is probably safe to say that no other town in the United States s more favorably known than this. It has builded itself around he college and the Church. It has graduated leaders from its college into distinguished positions known and appreciated everywhere. We shall see how its influence has spread far from its boundaries, ınd how Iowa has been shaped by influences originated here.

Yet for all this, the young leader was driven here. In September 1853, Mr. Grinnell as pastor of the Congregational Church of New York City was speaking in the open air at the ship yards in that city. Upon the giving out of his voice that afternoon he sought the advice of Horace Greeley, one of his listeners, who uttered to his young friend the words now fifty years famous: "Go West, young man, Go West!" If God sometimes impresses upon his creatures the characteristics that are divine, it may be that God was doing what the eagle always does; pushing the eaglet, afraid to fly, up the nest only to push it off to try its wings. God pushed the young and successful preacher out of New York City, by his hoarseness; and Mr. Greeley was a sort of prophet pointing out whither the young one should fly.

Time fails to describe his services as reporter and writer for the Tribune, during which time he was looking about for a place of settlement, building upon no other's foundations. It was no slight friendship when Henry Farnam, the great railroad magnate, pointed northward from Missouri and said, "Go to Iowa, a free State, which I have just come from!" telling him at the same time of the railroad he was to build. More than this, among Mr. Farnam's engineers was the son of the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven, and to whom he introduced him. Theodore Bacon the engineer pointed out this prairie as the highest point between the boundaries of the State. No Iowa Central was crossing the Rock

Island Railroad, but Theodore Bacon's finger or cane marked out the junction where two roads should cross. His laconic advice was readily taken, "Lose no time, for there will be a rush for land, and the best will be taken,—the boys mean to take it up." Some of you will remember the difficulty that seemed to arise. It was thought that the purchase of the section could come only by an advertised sale. But against the general opinion was the discovery by the young Grinnell that the pre-emption of the land could be taken under the old territorial law. It was to take advantage of such a law that the quartette, Grinnell, Hamlin, Hamilton, and Holyoke, slept on planks under two cross poles for an imaginary booth all night.

The whole tract after the legal proceedings had been taken, was bought by Grinnell with a part of the legacy received by Mrs. Grinnell from her father's estate. During these fifty years Mrs. Grinnell's quiet, beautiful life gave strength and blessing to the rugged founder and she has acted her noble and affectionate part in the development of the town as benefactor and unfailing friend of each and all. Long may her life be spared for comfort and inspiration!

Immediately after plotting the estate around the portion set apart for a College Campus, many of the choicest lots were set apart for the college. The sale of these lots has amounted to at least $75,000. for the College. The history of the College falls to other records than mine; but it will be remembered how late purchasers were asked to pledge something towards the "Literary Treasury" after securing their lands at cost. Grinnell would be disgraced were a single illiterate to grow up among its citizenship. The town has given its character upon the State, since having high position upon the legislative Committee in 1858, Mr. Grinnell was instrumental in framing the Free School Law of Iowa. It was no less an authority than the Iowa State Register that has said: "Mr. Grinnell's life record would be a history of Iowa."

No sooner had the young man Grinnell become the owner of

se thousands of acres than he deliberately formed and enacted plan of guarding the morals of the town by the prohibitory enment in the deed for each lot, thus forever keeping the curse of saloon away from its domain. It was the action of a young n confronting the tendency of all new settlements: daring to act ıtrary to the opinions of judges and courts; defying the whole ganized traffic of death. Promises of high office if he would op the theory never moved him; threats of assault never intimted him. In this, as in other matters, was a spirit and reason ıt can be quoted in his own words; "What there was in the inding of Grinnell was an unwritten purpose under the hat of e man, waiting an opportunity." He recognized the philosophy prevention being far better than cure after the evil has been ne. It was action like this that has given Iowa her proud place ıong the Commonwealths of the Union, that has been conspicus in empty jails and prisons. It requires exceptional men to complish such exceptional deeds. On this one fact alone, Grinll as a town stands on its lofty eminence as a light house shedıg its light over the dashing waves of death and despair. The ed of every owner of a lot changing hands can never tear out at prohibitive enactment whose validity has been affirmed by e courts.

Fifty years have marked the rising value of liberty. Fifty years o some men were reckoned in value by dollars and cents; now ıd for forty years, the least among the eighty millions is worth e whole reserves of government in protecting him in his rights. is interesting to observe that the stations of the underground ilroad were in the most moral communities; and among these ations, Grinnell holds an eminent place. Here John Brown ought his retinue of blacks on their way to freedom; and while hicago knew of their presence, there was not daring enough even the government to send the sheriff here to seize them. The town as courageous like the leader. Here John Brown spoke to hun-

dreds who were unappalled at any threatened danger. In what is now the "Liberty Room," then the parlor of J. B. Grinnell's house, the hero of Osawatomie wrote the proclamation he issued a few weeks later at Harper's Ferry. As time rolls on, your history in that eventful year of 1859, will shine out more and more clear among the examples of heroic courage and strength. Nor did the interest in "Old John Brown" stop here. In vain were dissuasions urged against his descent into Virginia, but after Harper's Ferry had become historic, the minions of Governor Wise found in one of John Brown's pockets a letter from J. B. Grinnell, for which reason the telegram was sent here that sheriffs were on the way from Washington to arrest the man whose name was appended to the letter. To accommodate the government Grinnell took the first train south, meeting the train on its way north with the sheriffs. Friends in Washington had warned him to get himself out of the way; but about the time the sheriffs reached Grinnell, Mr. Grinnell entered the proper offices in Washington. The officials were too slow, making no arrest although he frequently called upon them, only to be told at last that he was too willing a witness, upon which, after he had looked around Washington at his leisure, he returned home.

That man does the best work who gets where his thoughtful interest is. The patriot goes to the war in which he believes. What we think ought to be done we ought to do. We must go where duty calls. Mr. Grinnell was as active as his brain was intense. Affairs of Iowa were as imperative to him as were those of the town. "Here," he said, "was Iowa incarnate," and he sought to form into the State what had been serviceable here. His platform was short and definite: "No Liquor Shops; Free Schools for Iowa; No Nationalizing of Slavery." In such a platform were involved morality, intelligence, and freedom. He had the ambition to make Iowa more than the Massachusetts of the West. How he loved it! What affection he had for Harlan, Grimes, Wilson, Allison, and a host besides! What pride that Iowa had less illiteracy than any

other State in the Union! What beauty in the fields of corn! Why his purchase of bushels of apple-seeds except to make Iowa a fruit-bearing State! Why did he send for Elm-tree-seeds from New Haven, but to remind of a culture even from the soil! His affection took in the whole prairie from the Mississippi to the Missouri. Your historian has well said, "His name was linked with everything that made the State better or lifted it up to an honorable position among its sister States of the Republic." The network of your railroads were his highways for travel by night or day. He felt himself almost an honorary official wherever the vital strength of the State was concerned.

But more than Iowa. Patriotism knows no sectionalism. Grinnell's loyalty could not be shortened by largest river or highest mountain range. Refusing official honors repeatedly from the War Administration of Lincoln, J. B. Grinnell at last took and held his seat in Congress for four years at your direction. He there introduced the resolution whose adoption resulted in arming the blacks just out from slavery. He had full part in adopting the Thirteenth Amendment abolishing the vestiges of slavery forever. Also his vote was cast for the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. After the sublime event, the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment, amidst shouts and tears, Congress adjourned for the day having accomplished the greatest work since the adoption of the Constitution. In the august achievements of those great days, Grinnell seated by "the Old Commoner" was no novice in affairs.

Meantime, his acquaintance was growing broader Lincoln, Stanton, Seward, Thaddeus Stevens, were only specimens of the giants of those epoch-making years. Grinnell's fame was national. Thenceforth, editors of the mighty press, railway magnates, most noted preachers, statesmen, reformers,—all gave him a welcome. His courtesy made Thaddeus Stevens his devoted friend; his strict integrity placed in his hands the receivership of the Iowa Central Railroad; his humanity made him the chosen appointee of twenty

States to enact through Congress a bill for the care of cattle against pleuro-pneumonia; his integrity singled him out to be appointed Commissioner for the sale of Cherokee Neutral Lands. Like the Corsican, he accomplished what he undertook; but, unlike the Corsican, no selfish undertaking led to a Waterloo of defeat. His life reached its zenith unsullied and serene. He had never spared himself until disease crept into his life-blood. He had nothing to undo.

For thirty-seven years history had its sources in the close affiliation of the early settlers with that of the founder of the town. J. B. Grinnell felt others' sorrows as his own. Hardships he laughed at; scant luxuries never disturbed him. His life was bound up with the town and college. Contrasted with the advancement and growth of the town he counted personal sacrifices as of small account. Iowa was his boast as a State, and Grinnell his ideal municipality.

The one day of your history whose calamity unfolded the mutual loyalty of the citizens compels mention as the eventful June 17, 1882. It was the day whose skies at sunset were lurid and portentous,—tornado day. Who can forget that swath of death a quarter of a mile wide that left amidst its total destruction thirty-two dead and more than a hundred others wounded, many of whom died, all of this town. Mr. Grinnell was far from home that Saturday night in Atlantic, when Superintendent Royce of the Rock Island Railroad sent a special train to bring him home. His face was haggard from the thrilling agonies of that wild night, on reaching home. Death and destruction on all sides! War on these peaceful streets could not have been more cruel. The beloved College struck!

In all the desolation and dismay, it was no time for mourning. With smitten hearts aching under the awful catastrophe it was pre-eminently the time for action. The life or the death of the College seemed to hang upon the decisions under such stress.

Even in that desolation the College Commencement was held. Back to such bravery and courage, the town and College owe largely their present thrift. Scarcely had the bells tolled their dirges of sorrow when Mr. Grinnell was on his way to the commercial centres to build up the college and the town. Then began the task of months in which were gathered from leading magnates the sum of sixty thousand dollars for the College besides substantial help for those whose losses there had been no insurance to meet,—all this at his own personal expense. Among others in loyalty J. B. Grinnell holds his eminent place as a hero unawed by adversity, unmoved from duty by almost despair.

But there comes a time in every career when quiet succeeds activities. His quickness of speech was mellowed. His steps were more slowly taken. The nervous gestures gave place to feebleness and rest.

He had nothing to do but wait. The powerful constitution was slowly breaking down. Like General Grant working upon his Memoirs while the days were growing fewer, so Grinnell kept pen in hand upon the "Men and Events of Forty Years" recalling to memory the agitators and mighty souls he had known, many of whom were in the "silent halls of the Hereafter." The early pioneer was now to take another journey upon an untried pathway in his experience. His faith in the eternal future deepened as he drew near to it. He could repeat Paul's assertion; "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." The echoes of the past were passing into silence. Surrounded by family and friends, he took sweet counsel. At length even the screams of the engines on lines of traffic were unnoticed. He grew gentle as a little child. His chair at the window gave him the pleasure of looking upon the bustle and toil outside while at night he kept watch of the stars in their lonely silence.

On the late evening of March 31, 1891, he passed into the other life of which this is a preparation, his work all done. His was a royal soul, noble, unselfish and loving.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

Dr. Thomas Holyoke and the Planting of Grinnell.

By J. Irving Manatt.

Mr. Mayor, Fellow-Townsmen, Ladies and Gentlemen:

New light is forever breaking forth on old scriptures, whether sacred or secular; and a dark saying of Homer, which mystified me when I pondered it on the spot at Sparta, is cleared up as I recall it today at Grinnell. You remember how young Telemachus in search of his father has made his happy visit with Helen and Menelaus and is eager to be off for home; and how the host proposes that they shall first take a turn through Hellas and gather in contributions, as Homeric gentlemen are in the way of doing. And he urges: "No one will send you away empty, but each will give you something to take home—either a tripod of goodly bronze or a precious vessel or two mules or a golden beaker." Now, for the life of me, I could never see what business these mules had in the midst of these objects of virtue! But the secret is out. Homer, with that Shakespearean provision of his, but forecasts in a parable this program of ours: the tripod, the vase, the mules, and the golden beaker!

From the tripod oracular we have heard (though by proxy) the one one voice that still speaks with authority of the day we celebrate; and we all feel that in losing Hamilton we have paid too high a price for redemption of New Jersey. We had hoped to welcome him back to the United States and wish he had come this time to grow up with the country.

And that vessel of grace, honor, and capacity—how our Founder himself would have rejoiced to sit under its droppings today. It would have reminded him, as it reminded us, of the fresh breezes that breathed from those unshorn meadows fifty years ago—laden with the fragrance of flowers which no census could number. Or it might have carried him back to his boyhood and the Green Mountain home with its own Sugar Grove; at least, as there flowed

from Dr. Mears' lips that speech sweeter than honey, I fancied myself assisting at a genuine old Vermont sugaring off—a function for which no vessel is too precious.

And now the mules—a dispensation of Providence—to exercise you in patience and pump you dry in preparation for the golden chalice sparkling with the vintage of '56, the genuine old L. F. P. brand which has been fifty years a-mellowing and must be ripe and prime today! In the old days, when he was professor of the Whole Blessed Business, we learned to love him; when he drew his sword as a simple Lieutenant we all fell in and followed him; and now, in our grizzled age, we have come from the two oceans to answer his call as the predestined Field Marshal of this historic day. In all our hearts he is above the law; and I trust your Honor will suffer him to decant his Olympian honeydew right here without forfeiting the church's title to the premises.

I am glad to join you in this festival of memory; and all the more so, that I am to speak for a man who would never speak for himself. If modesty be a sanctifying virtue, then Thomas Holyoke was entitled to the halo; if remembrance of good men be a duty, we are all in that duty bound to him.

In this company there must be not a few who knew him longer and better than I did; but is there one who knew aught of him beyond the good life lived here in their midst? Is there one who knew that his was a lineage as ancient and honorable as any in our history? Related to him as I came to be in his later years, I cannot recall one word from his lips about his family; and, indeed, when I consented to speak as his representative here to-day, he was still to me a man without an ancestry. I knew nothing of the historical background which, as being his, becomes of right part and parcel of the fame of this community.

Through this modest founder our history runs back in two main lines to Elizabethan England—to Warwickshire in one line, to Somersetshire in the other.

John Holyoke, of Alcester—pronounced Auster (a village with a twelfth century monastery and perpetuating in its name its earlier history as a Roman camp) was an easy neighbor of Will Shakespeare of Stratford; and they might well have met half-way at Shottery and disputed Anne Hathaway's favors. In fact, John wedded Elizabeth Stokes, and their son Edward, having espoused a parson's daughter, Prudence Stockton, of Tamworth, came to New England in 1638 (or twenty-two years after Shakespeare's death) and settled at Lynn. Their son Elizur took to wife Mary Pynchon of Springfield; and she bore him Elizur the second, who married Mary Eliot, and served as his father and grandfather had done before him in the Great and General Court. To this second Elizur and Mary Eliot were born four daughters and seven sons; and one of these sons was the first great President of Harvard. Edward Holyoke held that office for thirty-two years (the average tenure thus far is thirteen years, and that of his twelve successors only eight years, leaving Holyoke's record unique until another Eliot came to break it); and in his portrait as drawn by President Quincy we recognize the very qualities of the Holyoke we all knew: "Fidelity and uprightness were the prominent features of his character. In duty punctual; in judgment sound; in manners urbane, in his official relations earnest, assiduous, and unremitting, he acquired the confidence of the friends of the Seminary and the esteem of the public; and his administration was at once the longest and one of the most prosperous in the annals of Harvard College." It was, indeed, a long reign and a grand one—judged by its historical fruits, the grandest in our academic history. For in that little college, hardly larger than yours is to-day, Edward Holyoke, with his two professors and four tutors, was moulding the makers of the nation. In his thirty-two years Holyoke graduated not quite a thousand men (to be exact, 997), while Eliot in his thirty-five years has sent out more than eight thousand; but among Holyoke's graduates were at least ten men who from the

point of view of public service cannot be matched in the whole history of Harvard- Samuel Adams and James Otis, William Ellery and Robert Treat Paine, John Hancock and John Adams, Jonathan Trumbull and Joseph Warren, Elbridge Gerry and Timothy Pickering.

President Holyoke died in office in 1769; and six years later his youngest brother Jacob, after assisting at a certain Boston Tea Party, struck out for the Maine woods and in that howling wilderness helped plant the town of Orrington (now Brewer), where he built in his clearing the first permanent home, as Thomas Holyoke did here. Like an earlier Jacob, he seems to have gone down—"his sons and his sons' sons with him, his daughters and his sons' daughters, and all his seed." A least, the Holyoke Genelogy in the Massachusetts Historical Society shows Holyokes of three generations, born in Boston and buried at Brewer—namely, Jacob, his son John, and John's son John. Little John, who would be but three years old at the migration, grew up to be a prosperous shipbuilder, married Miriam Tibbets of Beethbay—just across the channel from my summer home on Squirrel Island; and reared a good old-fashioned family of twelve children. The youngest of his eight sons was our founder.

Having thus traced his direct descent, suffer me now to trace the ascent by another line to an even more historic stock. The two lines meet when in Boston on the 13th of December, 1768, the Reverend John Lothrop joins in marriage John Holyoke (our Doctor's grandfather) and Elizabeth, who was the daughter of Joseph, who was the son of Samuel, who was the son of Robert, who was the son of Richard Treat. Richard Treat, born in Somersetshire (1584) and his two sons-in-law, John Deming and Matthew Camfield, were among the "Trusty and Well-beloved" to whom King Charles granted the Charter which Richard's son Robert afterward 'ventured all he had above his shoulders' to safeguard in the Charter Oak. Robert Treat is too great a figure to require identi-

fication anywhere; but his real greatness can be gauged only by the careful student of our colonial history. As an Indian fighter he never had his match; and in wisdom, firmness and integrity he was easily first among colonial governors. As deputy governor or governor, he served Connecticut as long a term as Edward Holyoke served Harvard in the presidency; and for fifteen years running (except for Andrés' brief usurpation) as Governor of the colony he ruled an imperial demain. For the Charter expressly granted to Richard Treat and his fellow-patentees all the region 'from Narragansett Bay on the East to the South Sea (that is to say, the Pacific Ocean) on the West with the Islands thereunto adjoining.' Under that grant I suspect Governor Treat might have claimed jurisdiction on this spot and prophetically in Hawaii and the Philippines. Withal he was a genial soul and not denied a sense of humor—that eminently Christian grace so sadly wanting in the Puritan character. As the story goes little Jane Tapp, whom the lingering bachelor had trotted on his knee from infancy, took him up roundly one day with: "Stop that, Robert; I'd rather be Treated than trotted!" Whereupon, Robert stood Treat; and some of the old books credit Robert and Jane with one and twenty offspring. In fact, they had only eleven—one of them a character and the image of his time. Samuel Treat was the first minister of Eastham, an offset of Plymouth on the bent forearm of Cape Cod, and apostle to the Indians of that vicinage; and his sermons smell of brimstone and smoke with consuming fire to this day. He interests me the more because he fitted for college at the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven some 200 years before I taught there; and, being honored with an invitation to address the 244th graduating class at that ancient school next week, nothing but the inconvenience of being in two places a thousand miles apart at one and the same time could keep me from recalling there the memory of a man of blood and iron whom they have probably forgotten. He did not enter Yale as every Hopkins boy does now, because there was no Yale till a

generation later. So Samuel took his degree at Harvard just two centuries before Horace Robbins of the seed of John Alden and a few names of us with no such distinction graduated here in 1869. You will find a good account of him in Sibley's Harvard Graduates or in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collection (1802); or if these are out of reach, that scoffer Thoreau serves up our sulphurous Son of Thunder and one of his red-hot sermons in his "Cape Cod." He was a reversion to type in the pulpit; and yet the historian of Eastham tells us that he 'was fond of a stroke of humor and a practical joke.' If this humor failed to cool off his sermons, which at times threw his women-folk into spasms, we may belive that it enabled him to appreciate an earlier vote of the Eastham town meeting,—namely, 'that a part of every whale cast on shore be appropriated to the support of the ministry.' He probably retlected that he was not the first minister in the whaling business, though I cannot believe he would have sanctioned Thoreau's spiteful remark: "For my part, if I were a minister, I would rather trust to the bowels of the billows on the back side of Cape Cod to cast up a whale for me than to the generosity of many a country parish that I know." At least, his red parishioners for whom he labored throughout the forty-tive years of his Eastham ministry, "venerated him as a pastor and loved him as a father;" were always "attentive to his comforts or necessities," with free service and free gifts; and, when he died by a stroke of palsy just after the Great Storm in March 1716, these praying Indians tunneled through the snowdrift and bore him to the grave. He was the thrifty father of thirteen children, one of whom became the mother if Robert Treat Paine the signer and another the great-grandfather of our Doctor; and, if I dwell upon him here, the reason may appear when I come to speak of Dr. Holyoke's own spiritual heredity.

Of such stock, then, Thomas Holyoke was born at Brewer, March 16, 1818; graduated M. D. at Harvard 1847, being one of twelve Holyokes on the Harvard roll as there are twelve Treats on the Yale

roll; settled 1848 at Searsport where on October 2, 1849 he married Catherine Clark and practiced his profession until he joined Grinnell, Hamilton, and Hamlin in planting this town in 1854. Such the short and simple annals of his early life to which—owing to the ingrained Holyoke reticence—I have little to add. But the Brewer Holyokes were people of character and substance. Shipbuilding was the family trade to which the Doctor's eldest brother John succeeded—being also a pillar in the Congregational church and Seminary, bank president, and member of the legislature, as was a younger brother Caleb. Of the Doctor's early education I can learn nothing. Mr. Rodney Clark told the old settlers in 1895 that he graduated at Waterville before studying medicine, while I had supposed that he studied at Bowdoin; but inquiries at both colleges have failed to connect him with either. His name does not appear on the books of Bowdoin or Colby—a fact which hardly proves more than that he did not graduate at either. Who can call the roll of our non-graduates here, young as the college is? He may have been a pupil of the old Waterville Academy and, possibly, of the college; and however he came by it, he was essentially a better educated man than many—if not most—college graduates. George William Curtis tarried but briefly at Brown, but no thoroughbred Brunonian ever approached him in exquisite culture. Thomas Holyoke was not a man of words, but somehow he had inherited or acquired a taste for pure English; and he relished Dr. Cochran's sledgehammer logic as well as Dr. Magoun's golden rhetoric. He was charmed with young Arthur Hardy's English and had set his heart upon him as the coming president of the college. But this is anticipating.

Whatever his schooling, he must have begun his practical education in his father's shipyards and learned surveying at Brewer. Of his Harvard days I have failed to get any report. It had occurred to me that his predilection for fine English might have owed something to the anatomical lectures of the Autocrat of the Break-

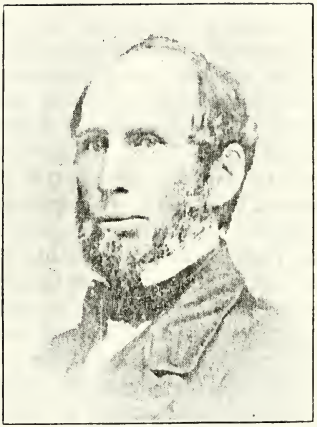
fast Table; but I find that he graduated just before Dr. Holmes entered upon his professorship. Still he must often have heard Harvard's then president, Edward Everett, another golden mouth if not a sparkling wit. His teachers in medicine were Jacob Bigelow, Walter Channing, and John W. Webster—the only Harvard professor yet hanged! The college was in North Grove street, Boston; the school year began in November and continued seventeen weeks; and two such courses only were required for the medical degree—the candidate must have studied three full years with a regular physician and (if not a graduate in arts) "satisfy the Faculty in respect to his knowledge of the Latin language and experimental philosophy." The school then enrolled something over 100 students.

On settling in Searsport, Dr. Holyoke at once took his place as a pillar of the church and a close friend of the pastor, Dr. Stephen Thurston. In his practice, he often met a young girl ministering as her bountiful mother's almoner among his humbler patients and straightway fell in love with her. But she was very young and he was very sedate; and it was only after a patient wooing—interrupted by a sailing voyage to Europe for his health—that he won and wedded her. In this union the Holyoke and Treat lines met and mingled again as they had done at his grandfather's wedding in Boston eighty years before. Catherine Clark was descended on the mother's side from Richard, Robert, Samuel, and Joseph Treat, —her great-great-grandfather, Lieutenant Joshua Treat, being a brother of the Doctor's grandmother Elizabeth Treat. In other words, she was eighth in direct descent from Governor Treat, while her husband was sixth—a notable instance of overlapping generations such as may readily occur when the twelfth son of a twelfth son weds the eldest daughter of an eldest daughter, and so on indefinitely. Yet they were not unequally yoked together; they had inherited from a common ancestry kindred qualities and their union made for still closer assimilation, so that one may doubt if this

community or any other ever knew a married pair better fitted for "team work."

After six years' practice at Searsport, where the bracing sea-air was too much for him, Dr. Holyoke was casting about for a change of climate and considering among other openings an invitation to take the practice of his old precepter at Cambridge when his Independent brought him "Colonist's" call to the west. It appealed to all that was best in himself and his heredity. It was a call to take up the pilgrim staff as his forebears had done—the first Edward Holyoke for New England; his grandfather Jacob with all his house for the wilds of Maine; Richard Treat to found Wethersfield; Robert striking out at eighteen through pathless forests to settle Milford in the heart of the Indian country; Samuel turning his back on Harvard to evangelize the rapidly dwindling "Pawkunnawkuta" of Cape Cod. Thus Thomas Holyoke followed the tradition of his race and moved on, as his sons have done in their turn; and from that point his life becomes part and parcel of the history of Grinnell, of Iowa College, and of this state.

And here I might well leave the subject as one more familiar to you than to me. Like Mr. Hamilton, I have spent so much of my life as a missionary to less favored nations—such as Nebraska, Ohio, and Rhode Island—that your history has grown out of my knowledge. But, for all that, I may claim one title to a hearing. I am the oldest settler on this platform. In fact, I was an old settler when the wolf and the rattlesnake were still sole proprietors of this scene. Now, some historian has expressed his regret that we have no aboriginal history of New England or Virginia; fancy what a sensation it would be to turn up Massasoit's Memoirs or Pocahontas' Diary. What naive observations on the Pale Faces (or the White Feet) shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace but keeping their powder dry, all the same; fugitives from religious intolerance banishing Baptists and hanging Quakers for the glory of God and a Free Church! Now, our fat old Massasoit



HON. THOMAS HOLYOKE, M. D.

Poweshiek, left no memorabilia of the Andover Band; and he had passed to the happy hunting grounds before Grinnell was. But between the Musquawkee and the Yankee came the Real Old Settlers, *quorum pars fui.* I often wonder what the Gauls thought of the Greeks who colonized Marseilles some five and twenty centuries before our Milton Price was consul there: and so I will try to give you a Gaul's impressions of Grinnell—yet, I trust, without gall. Though an old settler relatively, I was too young absolutely to take note of the planting in '54; but one fine summer day in '56 a spick and span gentleman drove up to the farm in a top buggy, briskly cleared the bars, and button-holed my father. For a quarter of an hour I watched the interview from a shy distance, quite unconscious that history was a-making under my nose, till the stranger departed briskly beaming, as he came; and then my father said to me—and they were the most awe-inspiring words I had yet heard—"That man is our next senator." I had seen my first Yankee, J. B. Grinnell, at his first electioneering; and from that moment my Gallic prejudice began to give way. For, in all frankness, the Real Old Settler had no great use for a Yankee. People who "pailed their keows" were not to be trusted; and anybody who would deliberately let a word end in *ing* came under like condemnation. By that test I spotted my second Yankee, when he rode up to the little red school-house (before it was painted) on his good gray nag and then and there, with that way he always had, spun the thread of one lad's destiny. For no "lad o' pairts" however humble could ever resist the call to a higher life that radiated from the very presence of our Domsie, my second Yankee and my first Greek—God bless him and spare him to us just as long as Heaven can do without him. From that day on one lad dreamed only of the "colony" and the college that was to be there until in the fullness of time his good father bundled him into a cutter, and over the snowdrifts ten feet deep that the winter of '60-'61 wore as a winding sheet or a wedding garment, drove him to the door of that true-blue Yankee

L. C. Phelps, where cheery Mother Phelps—of blessed memory-was waiting to receive into her Yankee home the shyest greenhoi that ever came out of the woods to sit at your feet. Atlanti whose notes have since attained a transatlantic currency, was st pitching pennies in the back-yard—a function in which he som times graciously suffered me to assist; but MatthewW was my fir knonw school-fellow in the upper rooms of that old school-hous Like the homely school-house at Drumtochty, it "had its own di: tinction, for scholars were born there"; and we had a "Geordi Hoo" of our own in Charlie Scott, who also studied and starve himself into immortality before his time. How many here toda still bear him in loving memory and mourn our own bereavemer and the world's loss in his untimely taking off. But what measure of progress is given us from the unbroken sod of '54 t that college class of '65—the ripe fruit of ages grown and garnere in eleven short years, though four of those years was one long drawn duel for the nation's life, draining colony and college as i drained the whole land of its best blood. Yet as the smoke of con flict clears we see colony and college gather in that notable com mencement with an offering of first fruits hardly matched in aca demic history—Herrick, Haines, and Scott, and that group of goo women with devoted Hester Hillis at their head. To know thos first immortals was a privilege only second to sitting at the feet o those first teachers, Parker, Reed and Herrick—for that day a com bination of learning and virtue outranking the whole half acre o gowned and hooded doctors with whom I have been sitting thes three days past at Madison. Dear old teachers, brave little school How the homespun past has come back to me this week in the Madison Jubilee, where Wisconsin has been rejoicing in her fift years and her 3,000 graduates. And well she may, though I dare say there has not been in all her 3,000 a more brilliant mind than Iowa brought forth in her first fruits at Grinnell in the person of Robert Miller Haines. And in her crop of Doctors yesterday, Wis-

consin did well to set her seal on three Grinnell boys—on James Wilson, who might have graduated with his sister Jane in that first-fruits class of ours; and on Albert Shaw and Henry C. Adams. It was good to see the first Big Four marshalled for the LL. D. yesterday, beginning with a Brown man and ending with an Iowa boy. The four were Angell, Gilman, Harper, and Adams!

But I am forgetting that this is not a college jubilee, though I cannot draw the line and I trust it may never be drawn between this town and this college. They are a wedded pair—one and indissoluble. It took them both to Hellenize us young Gauls. Much as we owed to the college, we owed hardly less to the homes that clustered about it. There was my first home with the Phelpses, full of good cheer, of uplifting music, of good talk—for Haines was there with incisive speech always going to the marrow of the matter and ready on all occasions for a two hours' duel with Elder Cowles on the Eternal Wrongness of War. That was the first great debate I ever heard and it was held in the Phelps sitting room; and when it was over the Presiding Elder—oh, where was he? Peace had her victory that night no less renowned than war. I would fain recall other homes in which we young Gauls were privileged guests—every one of them hallowed in memory by the presence of some good woman. Here in those early days your boarding house might be a means of grace; over one, I gratefully remember, presided a woman whose native dignity and refinement would have graced any station—who was as much at ease with the grand old President on her right hand as with the crude freshman on her left. Not last among those homes was the Holyoke house—open, hospitable, provisioned by garden, orchard and vineyard of the rarest then and now, and always populous with life. The Doctor—with all his activities as surveyor, physician, banker, trustee of two colleges and lecturer in one, legislator, pillar of the church—was preëminently a home-maker, and Mrs. Holyoke, invalid as she was and shut off from the more strenuous

social service, still in her quiet way contributed her full share of the town's happiness, and her close friendship with that queenly woman, Helen F. Parker, was an index of her own quality. The house was full of sisters and cousins and often blest with a heavenly presence in the person of one whose soul was attuned to love mercy and walk humbly with God, and who was that rare, if not unique creature, a perfect mother-in-law! I am left alone to bear this testimony but I am sure the three sons who are with her in the better country, if conscious of our doings here to-day, are glad to have me say as much for them. My friends, it may be only an old man's memory of a boy's dream, but looking backward to those early days I see a little society bathed in the peace of God as no other atmosphere I ever breathed.

And now that we are come up to our jubilee, who shall measure the fruit of that planting fifty years ago! Who shall say how far that little candle casts its beams in time and space? What corner of the world has not felt some uplift from the lives lived and the work done here? That old Greek faith in the colony which moved Josiah B. Grinnell to this enterprise—how grandly vindicated to-day! It is a noble Past we look back upon; let us look forward resolutely to a yet nobler Future. For one I have faith to believe that the forces here engaged partake of the immortal; and I look to see Grinnell—community and college, one and inseparable—bulking larger in the centennial retrospect than in this Jubilee of memory and thanksgiving.

An Address by Prof. L. F. Parker as the Representative of Rev. Homer Hamlin.

Grinnell, beneath this Italian sky, on this prairie soil, is happy today in the kindling memories of half a century. She congratulates herself that she is in Iowa, the home of Puritan and of Cavalier, of men from the land of Bismarck and of Gustavus Adolphus, of Grotton and of Gladstone, of men bronzed by many a sun and made strong by many a wrestle of mind and of muscle.

Speech beautiful, and beautifully sympathetic, has just adorned the story of her origin and pictured the motives of her founders. That story has been unique for her originators were rare men. Like pioneers everywhere they sought a home for themselves and for those most dear. Unlike the colonists of the Old World and unlike most of the pioneers in the new, they planned to make that home a most attractive center by the intelligence and the character of its citizens.

We have heard words from the only survivor of those honored men. We are grateful to that youngest member of the group for his precocious skill and influence in promoting educational plans, in securing Iowa College and the first railroad for the town, as also for all his eminent business wisdom and efficiency exhibited here.

The ability and versatility, the generosity and ubiquity of the originator of this enterprise made him an ideal leader, while the third named in the charming address just now delivered moved among us with the benignity of an Æsculapius and bore the harmonizing wand of a Hermes. They came to create a Paradise for themselves and and an Eden for their successors.

"They crossed the prairies as of old
Their fathers crossed the sea,
To make the West as they the East
The homestead of the free."

Wonderful was the century when Alexander Hellenized western Asia, and wonderful that in which Cæsar "bestrode" the world "Like a Colossus."

Memorable was the period when a Sargon was collecting his clay library in the Tigro-Euphrates valley, but for us far more interesting was the time, some five millenniums later, when King Alfred was civilizing England, but no century of the world's history was ever so marvelous as the nineteenth. Then steam was annihilating space for the traveler and electricity was outrunning the sun over all lands and through all seas. Exploration was illuminating "Darkest Africa," hermit peoples of Asia were joining the world's national brotherhood, democratic principles were becoming potent in European monarchies, and our own nation was leaping from its weakness of five millions to the summit of power on the shoulders of sixteen times that number.

For us in Iowa, the most memorable portion of that most marvelous century was its central period. Then famine was depopulating Ireland and filling America with her people, and the desire for self-government was Americanizing on Iowa prairies thousands of those German born. Then the Iowa inflow of the most progressive from the eastern states was eminently noteworthy. Then, too, the Indian disappeared, towns multipled, and a more fruitful civilization gladdened our state with a more liberal financial and intellectual harvest.

It was exactly fifty years ago that politics in Iowa assumed special forms of philanthropy, and official wisdom began to express more generous thoughts of educational values. It was then, too, that one theme entered upon a more conclusive era on this spot, in all Iowa, and throughout the entire nation. "Shall national power make alleged property in slaves sacred in all national territory?" At that time, over some form of that question, churches were dividing, political parties were disintegrating, and the nation was drifting into a civil war unequaled in magnitude, unparalleled in displays of valor, and, in its results, a source of thanksgiving to victor and to vanquished.

That great question was then the burning theme of the gentle

Whittier, the humorous Lowell, and the philosophic Emerson. It so entranced Wendell Phillips that when asked for his terms for a lyceum lecture, his reply would be, "On *my* theme nothing; on yours, $100.00." It so inspired Harriet Beecher Stowe that the eyes of millions unused to tears grew moist as they read the martyr death of Uncle Tom. It so aroused Henry Ward Beecher that men still wonder whether he was greatest as patriot, as preacher or as philanthropist. It made Kansas a real battle-field of purse and of power, and rendered pseudo-chivalric senators willing to assault a defenceless Sumner at his desk and almost willing to look into the muzzle of Wade's deadly rifle.

Uncle Tom's Cabin carried that topic into all parlors, fugitive slaves bore it into all courts and legislatures. It thrilled the press, resounded in the pulpit, thundered on the platform. Northern workingmen resented the imputation that they were "the mud-sills of society," and defiantly hurled back the insinuation that manual labor was necessarily servile.

The founders of this town brought that theme here in their heads and hearts and on their tongues. They had thought with Lowell that

> "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
> In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side."

They had often thought also of those other words of the poet:

> "Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
> Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
> Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.
> Then to side with Truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
> Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just.
> Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
> Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified."

Thus they thought, and resolved, and chose what, among men, seemed the weaker side. They could not forget, or be silent, or inactive. The question was borne in upon them on all the waves of life. On the very day after their feet first rested on this spot, a

protest against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill by 3000 New England ministers became a bombshell in the United States Senate. It aroused Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois and earlier of Vermont, into a tempest of denunciation of those protestants, and stirred Samuel Houston of Texas into a similar vigor in their defense.

A few weeks later the 4th of July dawned on this prairie. For the first time since the beginning of life on this planet that national day was hailed here with ringing bell, rolling drum and burning powder. It was made a red-letter day by Americans from many a locality as they joined here in patriotic speech and song and purpose. The American flag floated proudly over them as they gloried in the strength of the Union at home and in the power of the nation abroad. Perhaps some then remembered that, a few months before, John C. Calhoun, by the tongue of Senator Mason, intimated for the last time that he was willing to sacrifice the Union for the perpetuation of slavery. It is certain that none of them knew that, at the very moment, while they were reverently reading the Declaration of Independence in Grinnell, William Lloyd Garrison was burning the sacred document in Massachusetts amd hoping that the Union would be dissolved for the overthrow of slavery. Today, the children of those Grinnell celebrants have occasion to rejoice that neither the "ism" of Calhoun nor of Garrison had any friends here. Grinnell stood between those radicals, avoiding the insanities of both. Those extremists had few real friends anywhere in Iowa. That was the year when James W. Grimes canvassed the state from the Mississippi to the Missouri, proclaiming, with the conquering ardor of a Hebrew prophet, eternal hostility to slavery extension. The citizens of Grinnell stood close beside him in thought and speech.

More than that also. Men had cast anchor here who had read somewhere that human beings were of right "free and equal," and somewhere else that all should love their neighbors as themselves. Men marred by the slave-drivers lash and with minds scarred by

enforced ignorance knocked at their doors. Behind them was all that is sacred in family life; before them was the north star and the hope of family reunion in Canadian freedom.

Should they open their doors to such suppliants as these?

They did, and through none did the wanderers find a more cordial welcome than through those beneath the roof of that founder of the town whom we may now name, Homer Hamlin.

This name bears us far away from American life to the invasion of English soil by its Norman conqueror, for it appears on the famous Roll of Battle Abbey and in Domesday Book, the great charter of the English peerage.

In 1639 James Hamlin, a London Puritan, slipped away from the murderous grasp of Archbishop Laud to find freedom in the shadow of Plymouth Rock at Barnstable, Massachusetts. His descendants have graced American history in all departments of thought and life, in the ministry and in medicine, in law and in letters, in peace and in war. They have borne the sword and the musket in all our wars from colonial contests to the hill of San Juan and the Philippines. Seventy-five of them fought to create this nation and three hundred and fifty of them periled their lives to preserve it. In the missionary field it is enough for one family —it was not enough, however, for the Hamlins—to have one like Cyrus Hamlin who could preach the gospel to the Turks and supply the British army with bread in the Crimean war. It is enough in civil life to know that Lincoln's associate through one term was a member of this family, and that Lincoln desired no change during the next.

Eminent as that family has been, an invalid member of it must limit his ambition to the possible. Of the founders of the town, Homer Hamlin alone came here in quest of health, he alone in all plans for life was perpetually conscious of its nearing end. He gave a warm heart and a consumptive's hand to the town's broadening enterprises. By his side were the kindred altruism and the

rare intelligence that shared his efforts, lengthened his life, and enlarged his usefulness. Their words of helpful kindness were fewer than their deeds. There was no dross of self-seeking in the gold of their benevolence. If one whose judgment may be unbalanced by nearly half a century of good fellowship may say what he thinks I should claim that in no other town has the beautiful spirit of the world's Golden Age seemed more universally incarnate. In no other family was that spirit more perfectly the master passion.

Should we designate each of those founders as the representative of some industrial, intellectual, or moral quality which, to a large extent, was the characteristic of all, yet was most conspicuous among that individual's virtues, we should name the Hamlin pioneers as the representatives of Christian aspiration and philanthropic devotion. No personal interest ever obscured the good Samaritanism of their lives. No imperatives of the passing hour ever lessened their desire to brighten another's future. A brother's needs was the "Open sesame" to their hearts, and every son of earth was their brother.

Gladstone said his age was "agitated and expectant." We may pronounce the period of the Hamlins "convulsive and revolutionary," the hour of anxiety and opportunity. Fortunate was the man who breathed then, happy he who truly lived, but happiest of all the one who was in active harmony with the best impulses of the time, as were the Hamlins.

Here we may pause in our review of individual lives.

Grinnell at the end of its first fifty years is largely the shadow of its founders, a shadow enlarged and perpetuated by the efforts and the fidelity of their associates and successors. The Grinnell of the future will recall their history and receive uplifting impulse from their aspirations. Her cheerful yesterdays are emblems of the men of yesterday. Business has been fair-minded, benevolence has built public libraries, created a forest of humane societies, fostered Iowa College, and organized strong churches out of which have flowed

rivers of beneficence which have blessed the locality and encircled the world.

The sun is hastening to close our first Semi-Centennial day. In vision we behold another and still many another as the centuries go by. We see generations, as yet unborn, standing here to celebrate those coming hours with glad recollections and happy auguries. Then the town's sometime citizens will gather here from the shores of America's bordering oceans, and the alumni of our college will send messages of cheer from all lands.

Fifty years ago noblest men loved to sing,

"We are living, we are living,
In a grand and awful time.
To be living is sublime."

It was a grander time than they had thought. Their rugged self-reliance, their philanthropic patroitism was preparing them for the awful conflict to preserve our national life. It was nearer and more terrific than any imagination had pictured. Then to live nobly was "sublime," nevertheless to live worthily in any tomorrow, in its grander outlook. and in this land of largest liberty, of the world's ever-growing hope, will be sublimer still.

May Grinnell's coming generations ever cherish the best thoughts of her early years. May they remember

"'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that fails not by the way."

Then will golden lives flow from golden motives. Then will the founders of Grinnell be ever honored here by the fact and by the fruitage of a sincere patriotism, a wise altruism, and a manly piety.

"Our fathers' God from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet today, united, free,
Loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
To trust Thee for the opening one."

Words Spoken by Mr. D. W. Norris on Crowning the Grave of Hon. J. B. Grinnell.

I first knew Mr. Grinnell in 1863. At that time he had friends or relatives who lived at or near the village of Indian Town, on the Iowa River, and occasionally he journeyed to visit them. On one of these visits, overtaken by a summer storm, he sought shelter in my father's house, situated about mid-way between Grinnell and Indian Town. My father's log house was somewhat pretentious, for the reason that it boasted of a second story and a porch. The hospitality dispensed there was of the rudest kind, but it was the genuine article. We scarcely realized how many years have passed over our heads since. The village of Indian Town has disappeared from the face of the earth; even the name is almost forgotten. After this first visit the intimacy grew. These men, though wholly unlike, found something in each other to admire and respect. Both were honest, generous and just, and both loved their fellow men, and tried to be helpful to each other, and the acquaintance ripened into a friendly relation that lasted through life. One was educated, the other was not; one came from the liberty-loving hills of Vermont, the other from the land where the magnolia blooms; one was orthodox and of a religious nature, the other an agnostic, and skeptical; one was an abolitionist and radical, the other a whig and a follower of Clay. On this particular first night, the attic rooms were stuffy and warm, and my father said to Mr. Grinnell that he would take a quilt and lie on the porch. But Mr. Grinnell, with that infinite tact that always enabled him to adapt himself to circumstances, replied that he would lie on the porch too. So these two men laid down side by side but not to sleep. They were disputants who loved argument better than sleep. If you ask what they talked about, I will say that there was but one topic of conversation at that time, as all men over sixty will tell you. So all night long Garrison defended Emancipation, while Clay pleaded for compensation.

I was but a boy then, but I had known few men like Mr. Grinnell, and I heard a good deal of the talk that night. I recall the "Wide Awake Campaign" of 1860, when I marched in a boys' company of "Wide Awakes." I recall the mighty throng that assembled on the Commons of Galesburg, Illinois, to listen to the great debate between Lincoln and Douglass. I was one of that audience, but I could not understand the issues under discussion; I could not comprehend the momentous events transpiring, but I knew that the country was passing through a profound experience.

Just how much I owe to Mr. Grinnell and men like him, I do not know, but possibly that night's discussion and the subsequent intimacies to which it paved the way had much to do with shaping my thoughts. At any rate, I have never regretted that Fortune threw me into Mr. Grinnell's way. I never knew a man with a greater heart than Mr. Grinnell. It beat not for himself alone, but for all mankind. He was one of the most democratic of men, as the story I have told indicates, and yet he had mingled with the giants of all the world. He knew Beecher, and Phillips, and Garrison, and Lovejoy, and Greeley, and John Brown. He not only knew them, but he knew them intimately and well. He spoke from the same platform, he pleaded the same cause, he wept with them, he prayed with them, and with them he cursed slavery and all its institutions. He was terribly in earnest. All "John the Baptists" are. They would not be "John the Baptists" were they not.

Some have said that Mr. Grinnell and his compeers were inclined to be fanatics. Possibly this is true, nevertheless they were wise and just and generous and good. Mr. Grinnell had a tender heart. He hated cruelty. He disliked to inflict pain. He would have bared his back to the lash to save a cowering slave, but he would not have used that lash on the back of the coward who had wielded it. Revenge was foreign to his nature. Mr. Grinnell was a man of great versatility, a man of parts, educated, he could make him-

self most agreeable to uneducated men. With a polish that he knew well how to to use with men and women of culture, he was one of the most common and unassuming of men among those who lacked the social accomplishments. Religious himself, he never made irreligious men uncomfortable in his presence. He abhorred drunkenness, and yet he was kind to the drunkard. He hated the traffic in intoxicants; he was an advocate of total abstinence, yet he numbered among his friends many who hold different views on social customs. He was dogmatic because of the extremeness of his extreme views. He had faults, he would not have been human had he not had faults. A perfect man would be a very unusual as well as a very uninteresting member of society. But if he had faults I never saw them. Perhaps I didn't want to. Possibly that shining face through which shone a great soul, so human in all its asspects, hid his faults from sight.

Mr. Grinnell was a man of the people. He was a man among men. Few men who knew him could have told his first name. He was Josiah to none, but J. B. to all. He was a resourceful man. He planned better than he executed. He was not the builder. He was the pioneer; he blazed the way. He expected others to follow and do the work that he had laid out. He was wholly unselfish. He was always planning to help men, to help make the world better. His enterprises were not undertaken to enrich himself, but to enrich the world. That his investments proved fortunate was not by design, but was due to that unerring instinct that told him that this enterprise had money in it, or that this piece of property would rise in value. He was not visionary, and all of his schemes would have been successful if worked out as he had planned them. Add to this his disposition to give, give, give, to every good thing, to every worthy cause, to every downtrodden and distressed human being, and you have a picture of the man as I knew him, as I saw him. He gave not ostentatiously, not because he had more than he knew what to do with, not

because he had wrested from his neighbor the fruits of his toil by superior cunning, or by unscrupulous manipulation, but simply because he wanted to. He wanted to help everything that helped make the world better. He wanted to help every human being that was trying to climb up. Thus he spent his busy, eventful life, the noblest life a man can live, and one that wins the highest, best and noblest encomium.

Rich men die, and we read of the great estates they accumulate. How futile are estates when Death, the great leveler, comes, unless the builder has made for himself a place in the hearts of men. If he has not done this, then he will not be able to read his title clear to that other mansion, and if he fails in this, all his estates aside from his family's needs, will become a mockery.

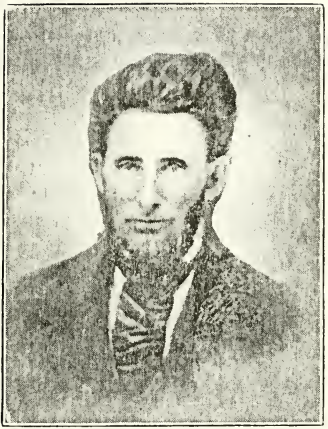
Mr. Grinnell, with all his faults, and a hundred more, read his title clear.

Hon. J. P. Lyman, Crowning the Grave of Rev. Homer Hamlin, Spoke as Follows:

Homer Hamlin was one of the four men who, in the year 1854, together sought on the vast prairie of the central west a location for the establishment of a Christian institution for the education of the youth of that sparsely populated section which we now know as the grand and prosperous state of Iowa.

These four men rode onto the land now occupied by our little city of Grinnell and selected that as the site for the development of their cherished schemes. Three of the occupants of that wagon were young, strong and vigorous men, but Mr. Hamlin, unlike his companions, was of frail body and already marked as the victim of that dread disease consumption. When he left Ohio for Iowa this disease had already made such progress that his friends felt that he had no more than one year of life left to him. Owing to his physical condition it was impossible for Mr. Hamlin to take that active part in the establishment and development of the new colony which was taken by his companions, though his life was prolonged from the predicted one year to the term of fourteen years. But the physical condition of our friend did not prevent his taking the deepest interest in all that tended to the development and betterment of his beloved community. Mr. Hamlin was a strong anti-slavery man in those troublesome times when men were sacrificing property and even life in an effort to free this nation from the curse of slavery, and many a poor and helpless colored person found a kind and sympathetic helper in Mr. Hamlin and his good wife. Mr. Hamlin believed most profoundly in the efficacy of prayer, and in the direct interposition of the Supreme Being in the affairs of men. This characteristic was so marked that at times some of his friends thought he did not give sufficient prominence to the fact that God works through the instrumentality of men.

In the death of Homer Hamlin Grinnell lost one of its best and most worthy citizens; one whose influence was always uplifting and



REV. HOMER HAMLIN

ennobling. Mr. Hamlin left surviving him, his widow and five children, three of whom, Mrs. Hamlin and two daughters, Mary Hamlin James and Harriet Hamlin Beebe have since passed on to join the husband and father. One son, Charles F. Hamlin, is a successul business man of California; one daughter, Mrs. Emma Hamlin Proctor, resides in Grinnell, as does another son, Mr. George H. Hamlin, for many years the faithful and efficient cashier of the Merchants National Bank of Grinnell, all most worthy representatives of their parents.

We this day honor the memory of Homer Hamlin by crowning his grave as one of the founders of our beloved city, Grinnell.

Dr. Holyoke's Grave Crowned by Rev. James L. Hill, D. D., of Salem, Mass.

We have come to the grave of the beloved physician. He had this distinction among the founders that he did not, like them, change his vocation on reaching this new country. So was it with the beloved physician among the early disciples. They left their nets and the tables at which they sat at the receipt of custom but he continued a physician in all his Christian service. The training of a physician is the best possible for the founding of a colony. Others will say that evils will always exist but a doctor's whole object in life is to treat them as abnormal and disorderly and to be eradicated forthwith.

The stray Indians, who roamed these very prairies, had an odd superstition that, on penalty of never prospering more, it was necessary for them never to pass the grave of certain famous persons without laying and leaving some token of regard thereupon. Let us not be less reverent than they. What a lesson we are made to feel here of the quickening, invigorating influence and power of the silent dead. A man who in the place of burial touched the bones of Elisha revived and stood upon his feet. The power of a good man is imperishable. It acts after his death. We feel it to-day.

Sleep thy last sleep. Thou hast richly deserved thine hours of slumber. Unresting in life thou art resting now. Thy memory is fragrant upon earth. Thy works perpetuate thy fame. Thy spirit has gone to the assembly, who having overcome are made perfect. Our faith rejoices, our hope sings, our love and memory of thee, to day, keeps blessed festival, for thou shalt hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on thee, nor any heat. The world is richer for thy life. Is Holyoke dead? "Can we not see him—the rose of heaven on his cheek, the fire of liberty in his eye." He lives in the hearts that honor him. He lives in the continued existence of those his noble art has healed.

Founder, brother, helper of the poor, pillar of the church, we

come to pay our tribute,to a lofty, noble, well rounded character. We bring in our hands a tribute which is a symbol of the respect universally felt for thy life and admiration for thy character. "We weave thy chaplet of flowers and strew the beauty of nature about thy grave." We have come to perform one of the holiest offices of love and recollection. "The love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance.

There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than even their song—there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living." Spirits of Holyoke and Hamlin and Grinnell and Cushman are ye here entering with us into the thoughts of this hour? Spirits of our beloved and honored dead—whose virtues and adventurous deeds we celebrate to-day, did we drop the veil for a moment should we not see you close around us. As in the lore of yonder college it is taught that when Achilles was crowned—there appeared in dim and shadowy outline—about him the forms of those who had been already consigned to the invisible world. "What a wonderful embalmer is death. Those upon whose graves we to-day quietly deposit fragrant tokens of love and gratitude are embalmed forever in our imagination and in our hearts"—they do not change—and are never less noble, nor less heroic, nor less adventurous and never less successful than when they came forth in their strength and faith to build a home, a church, a city, a college. Tenderly will we strew with garlands these hallowed spots in God's acre which by providential and faithful and fruitful achievements are to be memorable evermore.

May the crown of respectful recollection here below become the crown of honor above.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it, each and all—
A song of those who answer not
However we may call.

They throng the silence of the heart,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

After-Dinner Exercises.

The morning addresses had been delivered in the Congregational church where Mayor Bartholomew Jenkins presided, and the music was furnished by the College Band, Mr. E. B. Brande, and the choir chiefly of pioneer days. The procession to Hazelwood had returned and the dinner hour was over when the auditorium of the church was filled for the afternoon entertainment. The first action there was to commission Prof. L. F. Parker to bear to Mrs. Julia C. Grinnell (the only wife of a founder now living and unable to leave her room) the greetings of the day and a message of love and admiration from the Semi-Centennial assembly.

Nearly four hours had passed when the exercises closed. Individuals were exclaiming: "Never heard such a group of first class speeches before;" "Every one had something to say and said it beautifully;" "How the time flew!" "Gov. Cummins and Major Lacey were at their best;" "What a prince of toastmasters Dr. Hill is! Every word was so pat and so witty."

Rev. James L. Hill, D. D., of Salem, Mass., was toastmaster, and while we must compress what others said into comparative lifelessness, we can quote only his felicitous introduction.

"We are having the family gathering about the family table. The feast has been spread. We come now to a sort of experience meeting. I have never been called to a more pleasant duty than that which awaits me. Look at this galaxy of talent. Here in Grinnell some of these speakers first met their parents. We are near the spot where, in the primitive community stood the old 'Long Home.' From this common home, distinguished by plain living and high thinking, issued a mighty influence. Gathered on this historic corner the lively suggestions that came from streets and locations and buildings so quicken the inward sense that we feel the touch of a vanished hand and hear the sound of a voice that is still. Grinnell stock is A 1. Our celebration recognizes just the right place, the right men, the right hour, the right initiative and each of these in its superlative degree. This settlement would not have been made better if it had been accomplished earlier or later, or by different men—or in a slightly different locality. Mr. James Russell Lowell, standing upon the Alps, turned toward Italy and raising his hat exclaimed, 'Glories of the past, I salute you!' To say we express a like salutation, while

celebrating the past of Grinnell—I believe in a future which shall be the fruitage of the past and rejoice to be present on an occasion that is filled with inspiration. Celebrations like this have been rare in Iowa. The criticism is made upon us that we have no storied past. But we have our heroes, our romance and our seed-sowing. In current literature we have had our Napoleon revival, our Lincoln revival and our Grant revival, and now to say: If you please we will have a Grinnell revival. The world loves the adventurous spirit—the pioneer—that does things and undertakes to do the new, the forth-putting and the valiant thing. At the foundation of this town are religion, intelligence and enthusiasm for education. These were all typified in him from whom the town gets its it name—the lion of the tribe. These things are our pride, our legacy and our hope for the future of the town. I shall, on my own responsibility to say, introduce one man—not on the program which he himself has made—to whom I would like to build tabernacles. To Prof. Parker we are chiefly indebted for this celebration. Personally I have loved him extravagantly. I was in his classes. His finger marks are on me. The ladies we have assigned to modern themes because none of them will admit that they are old enough to have any reminiscences. When Rip Van Winkle returned after twenty years of sleep he found a tottering house, hingeless doors and a moss-grown well. All hail, children of Grinnell, assembled to do honor to an earlier generation! Tell us how you find things, what you remember and with what suggestions your hearts and minds are fraught. All honor to our founders—notable, alert, honorable men, chosen of God to do a high service. All honor to her whose life, though in temporary weakness, has been graciously lengthened out to include this high day—this festival of many years, this golden anniversary! We speak of builders of the west. Grinnell exhibits them at the climax of their experience. If the pioneer days are gone with their stalwart acts, their unterrified spirit, their hardships and their incredible toil, yet we can imitate their virtues and celebrate their achievements and magnify our memories. If the founders from delectable mountains can look upon this sight today they thrill with a deeper, richer joy as they witness our pride in them, our gratitude and our admiration. Iowa—and what would she be without Grinnell—she of course would not be *Iowa*, (I sing Grinnell—peerless)—Iowa sends to this festival of days her foremost citizen. We welcome him for what he stands for and what he is. His presence makes the feast. We hope he will enjoy our hospitality as much as we enjoy his presence. Ladies and gentlemen, 'Our Self-Reliant Governor!' "

The brilliant response by Gov. A. B. Cummins would be spoiled in epitome and can not be reproduced in full.

"Our Independent Congressman," Hon. John F. Lacey—

Remarks of Hon. John F. Lacey.

The origin of the cities and countries of the Old World is lost in the mists of antiquity. It is a pleasant thing to celebrate the birthday of as fine a city as this in the presence of witnesses who were present at its foundation.

Horace Greeley became famous for many things, but for none in a greater degree than his advice to J. B. Grinnell to "Go West, young man, go west." This advice was repeated often to others, and served as an inspiration to many thousands of the pioneers of that day.

We have been having many reminiscences today. Let me too indulge in retrospection. In 1855, when I came to Iowa, Grinnell was only a year old, but was a lively yearling. I was then told that at Grinnell the people all read the Bible and the New York Tribune every day. A few years later when Dr. White, the state geologist, was making a survey of Poweshiek county he asked an old settler on Sugar Creek what he knew of the geological formation at Grinnell, and the old citizen said he was "not sure but thought it was mostly Congregationalist." Since then some other valuable strata have been added.

I remember reading of a celebrated author who had once been in opulent circumstances but had met with misfortune. He was relating an incident which had occurred in his library. Said he, "Just at this point I rang the bell for my servant." His visitor remarked, "I did not know you kept a servant." "I do not," the author replied, "but I keep a bell."

It was expected in the beginning that the new town would be a city of churches and so some good friend sent the pioneers a church bell and they had a bell before they had a church. It is related that this bell was rung after dark, or on foggy days so that people could find the town, and pathetic stories are told of lost children finding the way back home by its sound. I do not know why some of these old settlers today have not rung the changes on this old bell. The bell itself melted down in a fire many years ago. Perhaps they have forgotten it, but it rang much good cheer to the young town on the prairie.

It was Macaulay, I believe, who said, "Better an acre in Middlesex than a principality in Utopia." Mr. Grinnell might well have paraphrased that saying, "Better an acre in Poweshiek than a principality in Utopia."

It is within the memory of living men when Appanoose, Keokuk, Wapello and Poweshiek went with Black Hawk down to Washington together to see the Great Father. I am not willing to plead guilty of being an old man, but I am older than Grinnell. It was the first railroad station ever established in

the state. The iron horse had not yet crossed the river at Davenport or Dubuque, but Grinnell was, nevertheless, a railway station—on the Underground Railroad. Captain John Brown was general superintendent. Many a dusky traveler with a through ticket for Canada laid off at this station for rest.

The ancestors of the cities of the Old World were commonly demigods or heroes. Their first exploits were miraculous, and were clouded with myths and marvels. But there is nothing of the fable about Grinnell.

We read of the pythons found in the cradle of the founders in ancient days, but Grinnell can only point to the rattlesnake killed one Sunday morning upon the wooden floor of its first church.

Suppose Grinnell had been founded 1854 years B. C., instead of 1854 years afterwards. What wonders we would have to tell today. But we are glad to appeal to the memory of living men, and what is still better, many of the mothers are here still to keep in check the exuberance of the imagination of the fathers of your city. These old settlers had much to bear; they had their difficulties and their trials. But I will say of them, as Joseph H. Choate said of the Pilgrim mothers, "They not only had their own sorrows and labors to bear with, but had also to bear with the Pilgrim fathers themselves."

When Dido bought her first land at Carthage, she was allowed to take as much as would be covered with a bull's hide. The shrewd lady cut the hide into a very long and attenuated string, and by her ingenuity obtained land enough to start her commercial countrymen in business upon a respectable scale.

History repeats itself, for our dear old friend, after whom your splendid city is named, entered this land at $1.25 an acre from the government and was also shrewd enough to obtain the school land at a cost of only two dollars an acre.

Dido must yield the palm to J. B. Grinnell.

We are all so well satisfied with what the first fifty years has done that we would like to call around in 1954. The old settlers of Grinnell today are visiting with and rejoicing amongst their posterity. The people from the very beginning realized the importance of making your city a place of homes and a seat of learning. The little cities of Greece will be remembered for many thousands of years after they have disappeared entirely from the map; Tyre is no more and her commerce has been overthrown; she is no longer a factor in human affairs; but the learning of the smallest cities of intellectual Greece still lives and will make their names immortal.

Builders of nations may be rough, but they must be strong. Measured by this test, the founders of Grinnell were adapted to their work.

I congratulate you, my neighbors and countrymen, upon the wonderful progress and enduring permanence which has marked your half century of municipal life.

Chicago arose from ashes and built fairer and stronger than before. Grinnell has suffered from the fury of the elements, which "Mingled the ravaged landscape with the skies." But she wept over and buried her dead, and turned resolutely to the work of restoration.

This restored and splendid city of learning is worthy of your pride. But Grinnell does not belong to her people alone. She is one of the monuments to civilization erected upon our prairies, in which the whole people of our grand commonwealth claim an interest.

"Grinnell in the Civil War."

Hon. J. M. Carney, Ex-Mayor of Gilman, Commissary Sergeant of the 4th Iowa Cavalry, 1861-5.

I am highly honored by being invited to respond to the sentiment you have announced, and yet I am in some degree in the predicament of the chief bugler in our regiment, on our first campaign in the enemy's country:—

We bivouacked for the night in a beautiful grove, and were turning in after a long evening spent by the camp fires in the favorite amusement of the soldier in those days after a weary march, exchanging reminiscences of home, when the crack, crack, of the rifles along the picket line indicated the charge of a squadron at least of rebel cavalry, and the colonel came rushing from his tent shouting, "Put out those fires; put out those fires," and catching sight of the regimental bugler, who also aroused out of his slumber, came half clothed upon the scene, called out, "Blow, Tobe, blow!" Tobe, not knowing what order the colonel desired to convey by the bugle call, enquired, "What shall I blow, colonel?" The colonel looked at Tobe for a minute in speechless rage and blurted out, "Blow, why blow your bugle, confound you."

A few minutes afterwards the whole camp knew that the scare was occasioned by the gallop of a few loose horses towards the picket lines.

From me you may expect no stirring bugle call.

It was my fortune to go out with the first company recruited in Grinnell, and to remain in the field during the war, and so I know little from personal contact of the local war history. But this one thing I know of a certainty, that Grinnell constantly gave of her best and bravest. From that eventful 14th of September, 1861, when we formed in line on the village green and were sent forth with loving words of parting counsel from the lips of our senior college professor, who in the good providence of God is with us today, and that never from that day till the close of the war did the call of

the country find closed ears in Grinnell. I do not know how many enlisted here, yet the aggregate from the college during the four years was seventy-three. I believe that about that number also from outside the college enlisted, and that, too, when the population was less than 750. If this is so, at some time, nearly the whole eligible population of the town was in the Union army. And what ideal soldiers they made—men of brain and brawn, inured to the hardy life of the pioneer on the farms being carved out of the rich prairie soil,--young men of indomitable will working their way through college, laboring in the shops or behind the counters, in every sphere of human activity, men in every sense of the word. They furnished not only splendid physical material but a marked addition to the morals of the armies in which they served.

What fitting tribute can we pay to the noble women who kept the homes while their sweethearts, husbands and brothers were doing the fighting at the front. In their silent endurance of hardships unutterable, in their ceaseless ministrations to the sick and the wounded at the front, in a thousand ways they were a powerful factor in securing the final success.

And now, as we turn to the long roll of Grinnell's heroic dead, some of whom fell bravely fighting on nearly every battle field of the war, others who died in the south-land of wounds or disease, still others who were starved in the vile prison pens of the south, and many more who lived to come home mere wrecks, to die after years of suffering, heroes all, what can we say to fitly honor their memory?

Oh that time would permit to lay a chaplet upon each hero's grave. But their memory is inscribed upon the hearts of their countrymen—for they died that their country might live. They are Grinnell's priceless contribution to universal liberty—at once her glory and her crown.

Glorious Grinnell! glorious in the fruitage of the thought of a wider liberty in the mind of her great founder that gave her birth; glorious in her past and its achievements; glorious in her fidelity to that lofty ideal of a true municipality which has fostered the church and the school, and has kept out the saloon and the gambling den; glorious in the patriotic fervor that inspired the hearts of her sons to such sacrifice for our common country. We of the old guard love her for what she was to us in the sixties; we love her for what she is today—and for what she stands for in the center of this great and growing commonwealth of Iowa. May she ever shine like a resplendent jewel in the bosom of this broad, beautiful prairie—to teach coming generations by the light of her great institution of learning the priceless lessons of science and religion, twin goddesses radiantly crowned, as they go marching, hand in hand, down through the central aisles of the coming years.

Grinnell in the '60's.

Prof. C. W. Von Coelln, Professor in Iowa College 1863-9, Ex-State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The evening after we arrived in Grinnell a donation party was held for the minister and I thought they did remarkably well by giving him $80.00; but when I learned that this was his pay for ten months preaching it changed the aspect.

It was decided then that no one should be asked to preach without pay. Soon after Dr. Cochran was elected pastor of the church and the church began to grow.

During the latter part of the war, when Prof. L. F. Parker went with the hundred day men, only two young men and perhaps 50 young ladies were left. About this time the Sugar Creek war occurred wherein several persons distinguished or extinguished themselves. After the war we received a large number of young men just back from the war, who had learned war's discipline, but not college discipline. We had to curb their spirits. They had bought a book of Yale college scrapes and expected to enact the same in Iowa College. But an active faculty soon put a stop to these exercises.

Since that time, in spite of cyclones and other mishaps, Iowa College has grown and flourished, and all who have ever been connected with it as students or teachers are proud of her prosperity.

Grinnell in Congress and in the State Legislature.

Hon. W. G. Ray, Member of the 26th and 27th Iowa Assembly.

The brief time allotted to each speaker allows but a bare catalogue of the men, citizens of Grinnell, who have enjoyed the privilege of representing the county and district in legislative halls.

First, of course, is the founder of the town, Hon. J. B. Grinnell, who as a State Senator and a member of three congresses, won a distinction for integrity, energy and retort enjoyed by but few. Another congressman was Hon. Joseph Lyman, who resided here in the early days, enlisted in the 4th Iowa Cavalry, settled in Council Bluffs after the war, and represented the Council Bluffs district in the lower house.

In the Iowa legislature Grinnell was represented by Professor Parker, whose influence was felt in securing needed railroad legislation; by Hon. Thomas Holyoke, the careful and honorable Christian physician; by Hon. E. Snow, modest and retiring, but ever the careful and successful man of business; by Hon. R. M. Haines, perhaps Grinnell's most independent thinker, as he was her most able, logical and convincing speaker; by the genial and

active Hon. C. H. Spencer; by Hon. Joel Stewart, successful in everything he undertakes, whose gift to the city adjoining this church will endear his memory to countless generations yet to come; by the speaker, who hopes at least that his record of public service may bear the closest criticism of every honest man; and by Hon. J. P. Lyman, conservative, but of sound judgment and earnest purpose, whose advice is always reliable and whose every aim is to advance the cause of truth.

Such in brief is Grinnell's roll in legislative hall. But service there is largely the result of politics or friendships, and I would not be true to this generation without a word for those, who equally honorable, influential or scholarly, in a quieter way advanced the cause of good government at home.

Who will deny that a Magoun, a Macy, a Buck, a Sherman,, a Hays, a Cooper, a Williams, a Sanders, a Little, and many another of the early settlers, whom we all could name, would at least as well have honored the community and themselves if they had been given the opportunity to give their thought, wisdom and judgment to the formulation of state laws? Such as these sh ould not be passed unforgotten, as we recall the names of those more specifica ly honored by their fellow citizens.

"Grinnell Twenty-five Years Ago."

Mrs. Amy Sturtevant Hobart, made a few remarks and then presented the following letter from her father, Rev. Julian M. Sturtevant, D. D., Chicago:

"The period spanned by my life in Grinnell is so small a part of the last half century that I dare claim only a few minutes of this delightful anniversary. Yet I venture to doubt whether any former citizen has more tender memories of Grinnell than I, who still hopes that the ever lengthening chain which binds me to this people will yet draw me here to end my days. Certainly the golden age of my life and of my ministry was between February 1st, 1877 and December 1st, 1884.

"Perhaps the events which most impressed this community during those years were the building of the Stone Church and the tragedy of the great Tornado. I shall never forget the audiences which used to assemble in the humble wooden church of the pioneers, nor the pride and joy with which we entered the new edifice, nor the surprise we felt that the house which had been called too large for the congregation was so quickly filled. The people were eager to dedicate the building to God with appropriate services. But when the Pastor begged them not to consecrate to God anything subject to a mortgage, they accepted the suggestion with characteris-

tic cheerfulness and courage. Nor was it needful long to delay the joyful consecration. Comparatively few churches have such perfect financial integrity as this one then enjoyed. The people were poor, but they were united and all eager to help. Therefore we did not *raise* the money, it was in the hands of the people and they *gave* it.

"In 1882 came the tornado. The story comes back to us, who were here, as if it were but yesterday—the awful stillness after the red, red sunset, and the horrible roar of the tempest which came so suddenly, and the night of horror among the wounded and the dead, the houses, streets and yards all one confused ruin, beautiful homes all gone but the empty cellar, or the front of the house destroyed and the family all dead, though when morning came the canary bird still sang in the kitchen, the school house crowded with the injured, the long row of the dead in the engine house (dear old people and blessed, beautiful children) and the burial caskets literally piled high in the church.

"But the most impressive memory of those days was the splendid courage and the unselfish kindness of the people. A few days later, worn and depressed by the strain, I said to some one,"I have seen more mean human nature this week than in all my life before." Then I thought a moment and added, "But the good human nature beats the bad a hundred fold." I was thinking of the manly and womanly traits which shone out on the background of horror, and of that reflection of our Heavenly Father's love in acts of human kindness from far and near which had renewed our faith in God, at first a little weakened by the terrible shock.

"But even these striking scenes do not give us the best memories of Grinnell. Perhaps some of you have lived so long among the pioneers that you do not fully appreciate them, They were cooperative and yet independent. Of course we had our cranks, some of them hard to turn. Every earnest community has its share of them. But the ennobling and fusing power of a great purpose was here and left its mark on all the life and institutions of the place.

"Above all things that purpose left its impression on the children. A tree is known by its fruit and a community by its young people. Having seen something of many communities I never saw a better one in that respect than this. I cannot begin to name the honored boys and girls I met here. With you I have rejoiced in all that they have achieved. With you I look forward to what they will do. With Whittier I say:

'Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

'Ring bells in unreared steeples
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound trumpets far off blown,
Your triumphs are our own.

'Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be
And share the victory.' "

"There was Room for Roger Williams in Grinnell."

REV. S. ROWLAND ROBINSON, Pastor of the Baptist Church

I assume that on this subject I am to say a few words on Baptist relations to Grinnell. So far as I know people of Baptist principle have been in this town ever since the beginning of the colony, and though this settlement was designed as an almost exclusively Congregational center yet these men of Baptist faith have not only found a home here but also a home of a very hospitable kind. The founders of this favored city no doubt intended that this settlement should be another earthly paradise, but as in the first Eden God saw that it was not good for one to be alone, so history repeated itself, for it certainly was not best that the Congregationalists should be by themselves, and consequently God sent among them the Baptists to keep them company.

The story is told of an Irishman and his wife who lived a very quarrelsome life together, and on one occasion a neighbor went to their home during one of their frequent disputes and began to reprove Pat for his unseemly behaviour. He began by saying, "Now there's your cat and your dog and they certainly don't quarrel like you and your wife." Pat thought for an instant and then said, "Faith now and that is no fair test; you just tie them togither and then see how they'll act." Well, the Baptists and Congregationalists have been tied together since the very beginning of the town and it can be truthfully said that they have acted splendidly. In the early days they met together as one congregation to worship in the old school house; they had the same choir and about the same audience whether the preacher was a Baptist or a Congregationalist. Among the first texts used by a Baptist minister in Grinnell was this one: "Let there be no strife between me and thee, for we are brethren." The sentiment of that text has always existed among the two peoples, Baptists and Congregationalists, and the best wish today of the people I represent is that such a sentiment may continue to exist in fullest measure.

As Baptists we are glad that there was room for Roger Williams in Grinnell. We are glad to be here; we are glad to see this day; we honor the men who founded our city; we honor the denomination that has done so much for the city's weltare; we rejoice in the city's prosperity, and we have faith in the city's future. May it flourish in everything good.

"On Woman's Organizations in Grinnell."

Mrs. Bradley said in part—that the first impressions which a stranger might receive in coming to Grinnell would be of the great number of woman's clubs and organizations, "as the sands of the seashore," and the sense of number would be greatly increased by the indefiniteness of information regarding them.

It was plain, however, to the most casual observer that these organizations Were accomplishing much for the social and intellectual welfare of the community and for the comfort and beauty of the town. The Public Library, whose beautiful building is the generous gift of Mr. Joel Stewart and his wife, was the result of one of those effective woman's organizations. The beauty of Hazelwood, the lovely resting place of those who have gone on before, is the result of the faithful, intelligent work of the Woman's Cemetery Association; the increased loveliness of the exterior of the town in street and park is due in a large measure to them.

The clubs which gather many groups of women for reading and study are doing most effective work for the encouragement of serious intellectual work, and the effectiveness of the organizations of women in the churches is proved by the strength and vigor of the churches themselves which owe so much to them. Lastly the missionary societies in the churches for work in state and nation and the world, are by their sacrifice and service carrying the good things of the gospel far and wide. When properly considered and weighed, one would come to the conclusion that the development of Grinnell, and its beauty and value are due in no small measure to the organizations of women among us.

"The Cheerful Yesterdays of Iowa College; its Happier Tomorrows."

PRESIDENT D. F. BRADLEY, D. D.

It gives me great pleasure to represent here today, the College which the Fathers planted in this community whose fiftieth anniversary you so fittingly celebrate. Our hearts have been stirred today by the story of the courage, sagacity and self-sacrifice, of the men and women who, counting no difficulties too great, made here the beginnings of a community whose growth and development have followed so closely the high ideals they had in view. They planned well when they persuaded the Trustees of Iowa College to remove the institution to this place. Here it found its natural soil and environment, its true atmosphere, and its steady growth during all the years, is a tribute to their wisdom.

Permit me to say, Mr. Chairman, that Iowa College maintains today the

best traditions of the Fathers. Its motto *Christo duce* is no vain and empty phrase. Under the leadership of the divine Spirit, we have come through trials, perplexities, poverties as well as successes to the present hour. In the Board of Trustees, in the Faculty and among our Alumni, the "Grinnell spirit" stands for the highest intellectual and moral attainments. Moreover, we are approved by the good people of Iowa in that they are sending us their children in increasng numbers. That, after all, must be the test. How do the god-fearing fathers and mothers esteem us? It gives us a deep sense of humility and responsibility when we recall that they trust us with their best—their children.

In the year just closing we have enrolled the largest actual number of students ever assembled here—and the largest Freshman class ever entered here, or perhaps ever entered in any other institution of learning in the State. We are offering more courses, taught by the largest Faculty ever gathered here.

The religious life of the College is active and sane. The students' Christian organizations were never so effective and in the year just closing there was a deep and increased interest in Bible study.

We shall continue to need the love and prayer and coöperation of the people to carry on this work. Our very growth and success make the financial problem increasingly difficult. To solve this problem we must rely on the men and women who love God and desire the welfare of the young people of our state. That we shall have their support admits of no doubt. I append a few figures which may give graphically our present condition.

Founded at Davenport by the earlier Congregational ministers and by the Iowa Band, in 1846.

Moved to Grinnell, Iowa, in 1859.

Destroyed by cyclone and rebuilt in 1882.

ENROLLMENT, 1903-4

College of Liberal Arts	331
Academy (fitting school)	150
School of Music	95
Total (deducting those twice counted)	530

INSTRUCTORS

In College—	
Professors	18
Instructors	6
Assistants	10
In Academy—	
Principal and Instructors	6
In School of Music—	
Director and Instructors	5
Total	45

FACILITIES

A Campus of 45 acres, handsomely wooded.

A new Library building, and 31,000 volumes.

A Museum, and Astronomical Observatory.

Well equipped Chemical, Physical, Zoölogical, Botanical, and Geological Laboratories.

Mears Cottage, offering a home for fifty young women.

A Gymnasium for Women, modern and complete, in charge of a competent Director.

A Gymnasium for Men, with lockers, baths, and complete apparatus in charge of a Director.

An Athletic Field with cinder track.

RESOURCES

Funds	$359,449
Campus and other property	300,000

"The Thought of John Robinson on the Eighteen-mile Prairie."

EDMUND M. VITTUM, Pastor of the Congregational Church.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a few years ago, said of our state, "Iowa is hopelessly sane." Those of you who are familiar with the story of John Robinson know that he was hopelessly sane. He was learned and cultured, but quiet, candid, modest and unassuming. He discarded what was unreasonable in existing institutions, but held himself and his congregation from taking any extreme position. He was reviled by the radicals as much as he was persecuted by the conservatives. He believed in religious progress. He went just as far as he could see, and no farther; but he expected others would see what he could not understand and would continue along the path where God's truth was marching on. He was tolerant; the people trained under John Robinson never persecuted witches or Quakers. We believe that Congregationalism has prospered in Grinnell because it has been of the John Robinson brand. We have been earnest, but thoughtful; intense but calm; tolerant, but discriminating. Religious toleration does not mean that we are to put ourselves and our children permanently under the leadership of those that teach what we believe to be false. We believe, so far as religious thought and speech are concerned, in giving every man a chance; and then holding every man strictly to account for the way he uses his chance. Every man has had an opportunity to express his opinions, however wild his theories might seem. But when he has failed to vindicate his teaching to our

reason, we have refused to accept him. We will suffer for his sake, but he shall not sink our ship; let him hunt for a whale in which to hide himself. We are progressive. But we will go no farther than we can see. Yet we do not expect the world to stop where we stop. As John Robinson said in his farewell address to the embarking Pilgrims, God has more light yet to break forth.

It was suggested by the Committee that I try to translate into figures the work done by this church during the later years of Grinnell life. It so happens that my pastorate here has been twelve and one half years, just one fourth the life of the town. We have expended during that period for home expenses, in round numbers, $65,000, an average of $100 per week. Our benevolent contributions have been just a little more, about $66,000. Five different years during my pastorate, the single item of contributions to foreign missions has been larger than the pastor's salary. We have received into the church, during this period of 12 and one half years, 911 members; 353 on confession of faith, 578 from other churches. The net gain in membership has been 257. The present membership is 968.

During these twelve years, this church has stood first among the Congregational churches of Iowa in the total membership, in the number of members received into fellowship, in the attendance at Sunday school, in the amount contributed to foreign missions, in the amount given to aid the weak Congregational churches in Iowa.

If we go back 25 years and consider the work of this church during half the life of the town, we find the total given for benevolences during the last half of Grinnell's life has been $108,000. The number received into the church has been $1560.

At one time during my pastorate, the nearest Congregational church with as large a membership as this, on the east was in Brooklyn, N. Y., and the west was in Oakland, California, making this for a brief period, the largest between the Atlantic and the Pacific. We are not looking for continued expansion, so far as numbers are concerned. Grinnell is growing, but the number of churches in Grinnell is increasing. We do aim to become more and more useful to the College, the community, the state and to the World. Our faces are toward the rising sun. We are wedded to the Past, but our child is the Future. And as the light which John Robinson predicted would break forth out of God's word shines upon us, we will not be disobedient unto the heavenly vision. And as for Grinnell, we will

"Write her story
And keep her glory
As pure as of old for a thousand years."

"A Young Soldier in Grinnell."

MICHAEL AUSTIN

October 9th, 1865, I came to Grinnell for a three months' course, preparatory to going to Chicago, for a business college course. Professors Buck and L. F. Parker and Mrs. Parker talked to me about something better, "the merchandize of which was better than the merchandize of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold."

I listened to them and continued in Iowa College for six years. I have long since learned that many another young person have had their lives changed for the better by these same noble men and this noble woman.

Soon after my coming to Grinnell,the position of general chore boy was made vacant at Prof. Parker's by Mr. J. P. Lyman's going to teach a winter school. His treasury needed replenishing. I gladly accepted the position. Most of the students in those days worked their way through college. The financial training of the students who worked their way was worth more to them than either their Greek or Latin or Mathematical courses. The result of this training is noticeable in today's program. Every one who was then poor and had to work his way is today better off than those who were able to get along without working their passage.

The first Men's Boarding Club was started in 1866 with Mr. Lyman as steward. Board was $2.00 per week. It was the boarding place of the town for many years; Macy, Snell, Manatt, Robbins, Willett and Hill brothers were some of the members.

Grinnell was still in the pioneer period; houses were small or were only built in part. Privations and hardships in the new country added to the hardships of war, made it hard for Grinnell. The necessities of life in home, food and clothing was all there was time or means for.

The first citizens of the town, college professors, easily maintained their position on $800 per annum.

Town lots were of little value. Lands two miles from town were held at $2.50 per acre. A period of expansion and prosperity was about to begin. The Iowa troops were returning from the war and taking up their home duties. They had been a good advertising bureau; the stories they told to to their Eastern comrades of the fertility of the Iowa prairies had borne their fruit. The veterans from other states came in great numbers. They were to endure the privations and hardships of a new country, and build up a model state. During the years of 1866, '67, and '68 the new homes built by them and their friends who came with them, upon the prairies, looked like white sails of ships on the ocean. Wheat fields instead of prairie flowers

appeared in every direction. Good crops brought good prices. More lands were broken out and more wheat fields appeared each year. The value of lands rose from $2.50 an acre to $5.00—$10.00—$25.00—$35.00, and kept on, year by year, increasing as the years went on. Better homes were built, trees planted; in a few years these wild-flower and grass-growing prairies were transformed into the most beautiful and wealthiest portion of this great Republic.

As the surrounding country prospered, Grinnell reaped the benefit. New houses were built, the old ones were added to, lots increased in value, trees were planted, the yards were laid out, until now you have the most beautiful town in the Mississippi Valley. Thus Grinnell's gratitude as well as that of the state and nation is due the old soldier.

"The Grinnell Boy."

To a jocular introduction by Dr. Hill, Hon. Eli P. Clark of Los Angeles, Calif., responded as follows:

"Your toastmaster promised, in introducing me, to announce as my subject, 'The Grinnell Boy,' and, as usual, I am the victim of his disregarded promises. In 1877, while visiting friends one evening in San Francisco, one guest turned to her sister and said, 'Who does Mr. Clark remind you of?' The sister said, 'Do you know I was just about to speak of it.' The husband asked, 'Who is it?' She replied, 'Mr. Hill.' I said, 'Was his name James L. Hill?' 'Why, did *you* know him?' 'Yes, we were boys together in Grinnell and we were said to resemble each other.'

"I need not tell you, friends, that this was to me a frequent source of serious trouble. However, I have never allowed it to impair our good friendship; fortunately, we live a long way apart.

"In September, 1855, my father moved his family to Grinnell. We stopped near the corner now occupied by the Henry Lawrence home. It was late, and my first recollection is of hearing a very hearty, cheering voice welcoming us: 'I'm glad to see you. Just make yourselves at home; go right up in my field and help yourselves.' Mr. Grinnell was always an inspiration to us boys, as he continued to be to all who knew him; after living here twelve years, we moved away. I did not return for nearly twenty-five years, and then only to be here in time for the funeral and memorial services of our friend who had just passed away.

"At that time I looked about for my boyhood friends. They were gone, scattered over the earth, all filling honorable places in their various walks in life. I cannot recall a singie case where a Grinnell boy turned out bad. Of

the younger boys, you have with you David Morrison and George Hamlin, of whom you are all proud. Grinnell stood for an ideal, and it was *this* sort of boys. Of my college mates here today, we have the Hill brothers, Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, Hon. J. Irving Manatt and Hon. R. E. Sears.

We can all remember the old school-house, where our first school days were spent, and one of our most cherished memories is that of our beloved Prof. Leonard F. Parker, whose coming with his dear family was the promise of that success which came to him so abundantly, and who was almost our first teacher in this old school-house. There, too, we were under Prof. Beaton, who not only taught us the three R's, but gave us our first lessons in singing. All of us he could not make famous; it wasn't in us.

"I am glad to be included in such company, and proud to be called a 'Grinnell boy.' "

"Grinnell as it Appears to the Recent College Alumnus."

H. H. Stipp, Esq., President of Iowa College Alumni Association.

Next to family ties, probably the happiest associations of a man's life are his college days; those happy days when High Resolve walks hand in hand with Youth; when the flower of friendship springing from generous and responsive hearts, bears its richest and most perfect blossoms which neither fade nor wither—those college friendships which baffle separation, grow stronger with the passing years, and live beyond the grave; those great days when the youth is just coming to himself, when he begins to feel his power, when Ambition's breath first kisses the brow of young Enthusiasm, whose open countenance faces calmly, yet eagerly, toward the golden portals of the future, which seem to his wondering gaze, bright and gorgeous as an ocean sunrise, and his ear catches the rustle of unseen wings, and to his eyes are disclosed the visions which appear to an awakened intellect.

These formative years of our lives we had the good fortune to spend in this community, which approaches more nearly to the ideal environment of that period of youth than any other that I have ever known. * * *

New England was intensely Puritan, but the old Puritan spirit exists more nearly in its pristine purity in Grinnell now than it does in many of the cities which adorn the stern and sterile hills where that spirit first found lodgment on this continent, and the essence of the Fathers' faith is the guiding principle of the Sons today who are maintaining a bit of old New England out here on the prairies of the west.

The alumni of the college felicitate themselves because of the years they spent here, and in those recollections of college days which cling like vines

to the walls of memory, college and town become so intermingled as to be inseparable. We lived in the families of this town; we enjoyed the frequent hospitality of its cultured homes; each of us is bound by the closest ties to his particular friends among its citizens, the sincerity of which friendship was evidenced on their part, at least, by substantial aid in many cases, and by countless acts of generosity and kindness, and every graduate carries with him to whatever corner of the earth life's journey takes him, a heart full of gratitude and love for this old place, and "the golden haze of his student days is round about it" always.

Business in Grinnell.

Inasmuch as Hon. J. P. Lyman's address can not be reproduced, we give a few facts concerning the town.

The population of Grinnell is 4,500, there are 1,325 of school age, and over 1,100 enrolled in the public schools under the instruction of Supt. D. A. Thornburg and 29 teachers. In the south part of the city is the South School house, in the northwest the Parker School, in the northeast the Cooper School, and the new High School building is going up opposite the park on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Park Street.

The Stewart Library building was presented to the city by Hon. Joel Stewart and his wife at a cost of about $15,000, and contains 8,000 volumes in the care of Miss Mary Wheelock, Librarian, and Miss Myrtle E. Bailey, assistant.

The churches that have buildings are the Congregational, 970 members, Methodist Episcopal, over 600, Baptist, about 200, Episcopal, Adventist, Catholic, Norwegian Lutheran, and United Presbyterian. The other churches are the Reorganized Church of the Latter Day Saints, and the Friends.

Three banks (First National, Merchants National, and Savings) had, on June 10th, a capital of $250,000, and deposits lacking very little of a million. A single Loan Co. has outstanding loans now amounting to $1,500,000. The sales of one of the clothing firms last year amounted to $41,000, and of one of the dry goods houses to $75,000, of the three lumber firms to $295,000. The output of the Morrison, McIntosh & Co. glove factory was worth $300,000, and that of one of the two carriage factories $775,000.

A liberal number of ex-farmers have come to the city to take a comparative or a complete rest honestly earned and thoroughly enjoyed.

The city water is obtained from two wells, each about 2000 feet deep, the water being taken by steam from one and from the other by compressed air.

The Iowa (Bell) Telephone Co. has 79 phones in the city. The Interior Co. has 485 in the city, 500 on rural lines, around Grinnell, 184 in Montezuma and 216 on rural lines running out from that center. The capital of the company is $55,000.

Arbor Lake, a reservoir of soft water for use in city engines, is a popular pleasure resort. The trees in the park, just east of the lake, are of this year's planting or one year old.

"Plymouth Rock; a Generous Section of it in Grinnell."

Mrs. Mary Grinnell Mears, Albany, New York

In the Old Bay State overlooking Plymouth harbor arises the imposing "National Monument to the Forefathers." Around its pedestal are granite figures representing Morality, Education, Law and Freedom, while surmounting all towers a colossal statue of Faith.

It was my privilege to attend last summer a reunion of the "Alden kindred of America," where the descendants of John Alden, 700 strong, met at the old homestead in Duxbury, Massachusetts, just across the bay from Plymouth. The spirit characterizing the whole gathering was one of loyalty; not only to their honored ancestors, John and Priscilla, but to home, school, church and the commonwealth.

The principles for which the Pilgrims in 1620 left their native shores and landed upon Plymouth Rock—"The doorstep of a world unknown; the corner stone of a nation,"—were embodied in the first settlers on this virgin prairie soil. Loyalty to their principles has likewise been continued in later comers hither, giving to our municipality the enviable reputation she everywhere bears. Thus "the day we celebrate" is in memory not only of the "Four Founders" and other pioneers here of half a century ago, but honors all who, in later years, have perpetuated the spirit of 1854.

I have been asked to say a few words at this hour concerning my revered father. Many today, in public and private, have spoken in kindest terms of his service in public affairs; but in this time of reminiscence I would for a moment draw aside the veil and reveal sacred memories of what he was in the home life. Ever gentle and indulgent to his wife and children he was a most loving, devoted husband and father. He often remarked that his home was his haven of rest; that, however burdened he might be with manifold duties and responsibilities outside, in his home he always found comfort and inspiration. A short time before he passed away he told me that he could never express what a strength and benediction my mother's serene, beautiful life had been to his active, restless spirit, and that each year of their married life had "added a golden link in life's charmed chain."

The religious life of my parents impressed me strongly—the deep spirituality of my mother, the robust, optimistic, altruistic faith of my father. One of the closing scenes of his life will ever remain a beautiful memory. His pastor, who called often to see him, began at one time to repeat the 23d Psalm. Coming to the words, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," the pastor's voice faltered. He evidently felt that the sick one before him was soon to pass through that valley, and he could not control himself

sufficiently to speak more. To my father the valley was not dark, and in triumph of spirit, though in weakness of body, he finished the beautiful verse, "I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

He passed away as he had lived—with supreme faith in God and trust in his fellowmen. His heart went out in unselfish affection to us all, the state of his adoption, Iowa College and the town being to him as his family and indelibly "writ upon his heart."

Though my home in the Empire State commands a view of the beautiful Hudson and the Berkshire hills, I am still loyal to the rolling prairies of Iowa —"beautiful land"—as my father proudly called it; and I cannot cease to be grateful that my early life was passed in the elevating atmosphere of religion, education and culture of this model town of the west.

As a family we thank you from our hearts, not only for the beautiful appreciative words spoken here today, but also for the unremitting acts of courtesy and affection of which we have ever been the recipients from the much loved people of Grinnell.

Hugh W. Hughes, Esq., of West Liberty, (and an alumnus of Iowa College) read extracts from a large number of letters including those of Senator W. B. Allison of Dubuque, Senator J. P. Dolliver of Fort Dodge, Hon. Charles Aldrich, Des Moines, J. J. Hamilton, Esq., late editor of the Des Moines News, Rev. Dr. William Salter, Burlington, R. R. Lyman, Esq., Boulder, Colorado, and T. H. Bixby, Tacoma, Washington; also from the following named ex-students of Iowa College, Hon. James Wilson, U. S. Secretary of Agriculture, Washington; Hon. J. E. Dodge, of Wisconsin Supreme Court, Madison; Hon. S. H. Herrick, Riverside, Cal.; Prof. Frank I. Herriott, Drake University, Des Moines; H. H. Kennedy, Esq., Lawyer, Chicago; Prof. W. A. Noyes, Editor of Journal of the American Chemical Society; Miss Mary Snell, Principal of Snell Seminary, and Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson, also of Snell Seminary, Berkeley, Cal., and Rev. Emanuel Vanorden, Missionary in Brazil.

Addresses were delivered by Dr. B. F. Shambaugh, Editor of Iowa Journal of History and Politics, Iowa City; Harvey Ingham, Esq., Editor of the Register and Leader, Des Moines; Mr. David W. Norris, Jr., Editor Marshalltown Times-Republican; Hon. C. F. Craver, Harvey, Ill., and Prof S. J. Buck, connected with Iowa College since 1864.

Such was Grinnell's celebration of her first half century and her welcome to her second.